SEX TOYS: SISTERS ARE DOIN' IT FOR THEMSELVES

ON OUR BACKS

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE ADVENTUROUS LESBIAN

NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1992 $5.95

$5.95
ON OUR BACKS
N-DEC 92
0990033940995 12

LIBRARY FOR SEX-POSITIVE CULTURE
T 0003733 Cop. 2

Safe Sex Lust

PER
ON
OUR
V9N2

Sex at the In-laws • Romantic Board Games • Catwoman & Batman

Find Your Sacred Spot (G Spot)
HOW *female* TO EJACULATE
with fanny fatale
Yes, every woman can ejaculate! Let Fanny and her class show you how.
FATALE

What is female ejaculation and how is it done?

What is the G-Spot and where is it found?

$39.95
Retail

CHARGE BY PHONE
1.800.845.4617

Or send check or MO for $39.95 plus $4 shipping
(CA residents add 8.5% tax) to: Blush Entertainment
526 Castro Street, San Francisco, CA 94114

FATALE VIDEO

This exciting video by sex professional Fanny Fatale teaches you how to awaken *your* ability to ejaculate. Discover what kinds of orgasms and which muscles enhance the G-Spot's role in female ejaculation. Learn why this long ignored art is good for you—and why *not* ejaculating can be unhealthy. Watch Fanny and three other women demonstrate astonishing ejaculations. This informative gem in the field of women's sexuality is a liberating experience not to be missed.

Photography by Phyllis Christopher

FATALE
Find Your Sacred Spot
HOW TO FEMALE EJACULATE
with Fanny fatale
starring Sharon Mitchell • Nina Hartley • Pepper
SUBURBAN DYKES
CLIPS
Hungry Hearts
PRIVATE PLEASURES
SHADOWS
Dress Up For Daddy
Bathroom Sluts
BurLEZk Live
LESBIAN STRIPTEASE
BurLEZk II Live!

The lesbian choice in erotic videos.

Mail to: **Fatale Video,** 526 Castro Street, San Francisco, CA 94114. **For Catalog:** Send S.A.S.E. **Order Toll Free 1.800.845.4617** or enclose Check or Money Order. Add $3.00 per tape for shipping and handling. CA residents add 8.5% sales tax. Allow 3 to 4 weeks delivery. Sorry, no refunds.

$39.95___	**How To Female Ejaculate**	$34.95___	**Private Pleasures**	$24.95___	**BurLEZk Live!**
$34.95___	**Suburban Dykes**	$34.95___	**Shadows**	$24.95___	**BurLEZk Live 2**
$34.95___	**Clips**	$29.95___	**Dress Up For Daddy**	$125___	***Any Five Titles***
$34.95___	**Hungry Hearts**	$29.95___	**Bathroom Sluts**		

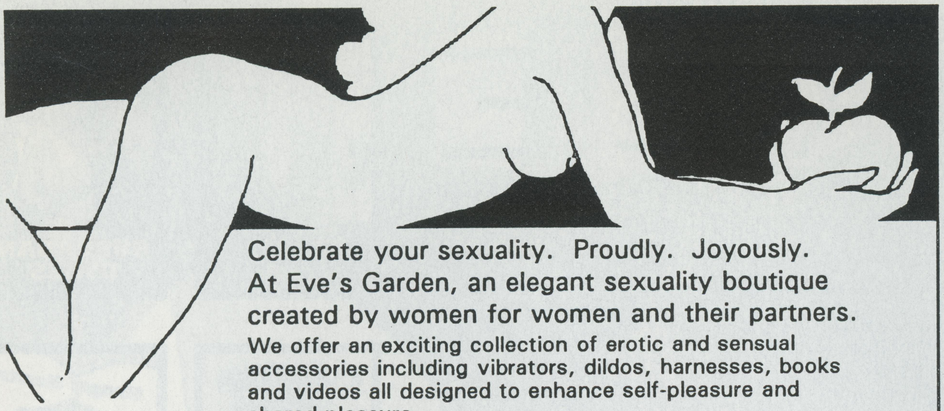
Charge by Phone

1.800.845.4617

MasterCard VISA

FATALE VIDEO

526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114



Celebrate your sexuality. Proudly. Joyously. At Eve's Garden, an elegant sexuality boutique created by women for women and their partners.

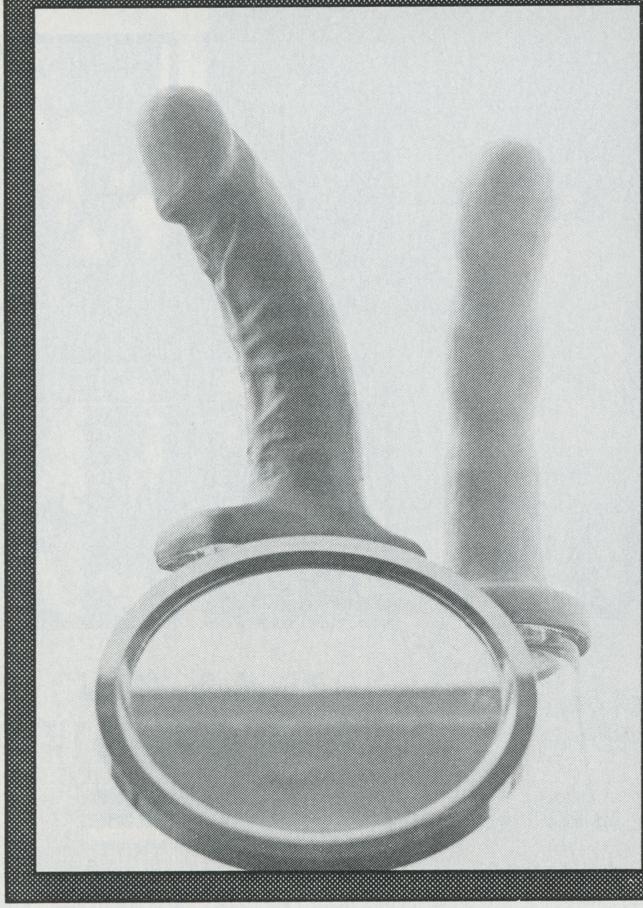
We offer an exciting collection of erotic and sensual accessories including vibrators, dildos, harnesses, books and videos all designed to enhance self-pleasure and shared-pleasure.

Send $3.00 for our catalog, or visit, with this ad, for a free copy. We are open Mon. thru Sat. 12:00 - 6:30 P.M.

eve's garden
We grow pleasurable things for women

119 West 57th Street, Ste. 420,
Dept OOB, New York, NY 10019
Telephone (212) 757-8651

SCORPIO EROTIC TOYS
sabi: elegant simplicity, striving for something closer to nature than nature itself



US STORES

Come Again
353 East 53th Street
New York, NY 10022
212 308-9394

Eve's Garden
119 W. 57th St., Ste. 420
New York, NY 10019
800 848-3837

Good Vibrations
1210 Valencia Street
San Francisco, CA 94110
415 550-7399

It's My Pleasure
4526 S.E. Hawthorne
Portland, OR 97212
503 236-0505

Loveseason
4001 198th St. SW, #7
Lynnwood, WA 98036
206 775-4502

Majik Moments
Home Parties
Wanda Nettles
Washington, DC
202 529-1469

Voyages
Pleasure Parties
Paulette Jacobson
Sacramento, CA
916 441-5514

Ask your favorite Woman's Store to stock our Jupiter and Adam units.

For wholesale info
write to: G.B.D.
SCORPIO PRODUCTS
117 W. Harrison Bldg.
6th Floor, Suite D-313
Chicago, IL 60605

JUPITER I & II
ADAM I & II
by SCORPIO

ON OUR BACKS

526 Castro • San Francisco, CA 94114 • 415.861.4723

PUBLISHER Debra Sundahl
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER Nan Kinney
EDITOR Marcy Sheiner
ASSISTANT EDITOR Shar Rednour
ART DIRECTOR Robin Simmons
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT Marguerite Alita
PHOTO EDITOR Phyllis Christopher
PASTE-UP Tim Hixon
CIRCULATION MANAGER Andrea M. Coble
PUBLICIST Melissa Murphy
BOOKKEEPER Dana Spake
ADVERTISING ACCT. EXEC. Marnie De Bois

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS
Gina Dellatte, Mimi=Freed, Judith Halberstam,
Diviana Ingravallo, k.c. minns, Carol Queen, Mindy Spatt,
Wickie Stamps, Mickey Warnock, Holly Willis

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS
Treyce Cilona, Della Grace, Laurence, Tracy Mostovoy,
Cathy Lee Prochazka, Annie Sprinkle

ON OUR BACKS (ISSN 08902224) is published bi-monthly by Blush Entertainment Corp., 526 Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114. Subscriptions are $34.95/yr USA; $42.95/yr Canada (first-class only); $59.95/yr outside USA (airmail only). Second-class postage paid at San Francisco, CA. and additional mailing office. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to ON OUR BACKS, 526 Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114.

ADVERTISING: Rate sheet and production assistance available on request. For assistance call: 415-861-4723.

RETAIL OUTLETS: Terms are 25% discount, freight pre-paid. Payment for sold copies is due 45 days after you receive the magazine. Credit will be given for ten or more full copies received in our office within 90 days of publication date. Mastheads will not be accepted. Minimum order ten copies. Call 415-861-4723 or Send order to: 526 Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114.

SUBMISSIONS: Photographers' and writers' guidelines available upon request with SASE. We are not responsible for unsolicited materials sent without SASE. Allow 6–8 weeks for response.

Any similarity between characters appearing in ON OUR BACKS and real persons is coincidental. The representation or appearance of any person in ON OUR BACKS is not to be taken as representative of her sexual preference.

Copyright © 1992 by Blush Entertainment Corp. All rights reserved. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without prior written permission from the publisher. Printed in USA.

INSIDE
ON OUR BACKS

Vol.9 No.2 November/December 1992

columns

4 OUR CONTRIBUTORS

5 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR . . . *Gayle Rubin speaks out on Mano Destra.*

8 ASK FANNY . . . **Fanny Fatale**
What happens when your lover feels threatened by change? When you and your lover go "home for the holidays?" If your lover is too busy for you?

10 QUEER CULTURE . . . **Judith Halberstam**
A rubberized cat licking a latex bat!? A queer reading of Batman Returns.

12 CENSORSHIP UPDATE . . . **Marcy Sheiner**

14 NEWS NOTES . . . **Marcy Sheiner and Shar Rednour**

15 SEXPOINT . . . **blaise**
How to enhance sex and romance with erotic board games.

36 REVIEWS . . . *Joan Nestle/ Bisexuality/ Angry women.*

46 SAPPHONE—THIS COUNTRY'S HOTTEST LESBIAN PERSONAL ADS

features & fiction

20 SISTERS ARE DOIN' IT FOR THEMSELVES . . . **Carol Queen**
Creating, buying, and selling our own pleasure: The sex toy business has come a long way baby since the days of 42nd Street sleaze, thanks to adventurous and enterprising women.

28 MORNING EDITION . . . **Samantha Avery**
Just a couple of dykes rollin' around in flannel.

30 THE SPOILS . . . **Gina Dellatte**
Wife swapping made easy at the local pool hall.

pictures

16 S/M CHRISTMAS PRESENT . . . **Tina Carroll**
A unique gift for that hard-to-shop-for girlfriend.

23 LATEX LUST . . . **Annie Sprinkle**
Latex comes of age: safe really is sexy.

33 MICHAELA & KRISTEN . . . **Kendra Harness**
Above the laws of nature.

Sisters are Doin' It page 20

READ MY LIPS

Michaela & Kristen page 33

cover

Annie Sprinkle found Pamella & Stacey in Toronto and invited them to N.Y. to be photographed. In their first nude photo shoot (p.23) they show us that safe sex really is HOT SEX!

Sex Toys

How to order them without embarrassment.

How to use them without disappointment.

Today, people are interested in improving the quality of their lives...and exploring their own sensuality with options from the **Xandria Collection.** Sexual devices can provide a new and entirely positive source of pleasure.

The most important aspect of satisfaction is trust. Trust us...thoughtful consideration goes into each product in the catalogue. Quality, value, and sensual appeal are all important elements, as are you, the customer.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sensual devices. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to pleasure (perhaps many you never knew existed!).

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sensual pleasure.

The Xandria Collection has a unique three-way guarantee.

First, we guarantee your privacy.

Everything we ship is plainly packaged and securely wrapped, with no clue to its contents from the outside. All transactions are strictly confidential, and we never sell, give or trade any customer's name.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction.

If a product seems unsatisfactory...simply return it for replacement or refund.

Third, we guarantee that the product you choose will keep giving you pleasure....

Should it malfunction, simply return it to us for a replacement.

The Xandria Gold Collection...a tribute to closeness and communication. Celebrate the possibilities for pleasure we each have within us. If you're prepared to intensify your own pleasure, then send for the **Xandria Collection Gold Edition Catalogue.** It is priced at just four dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

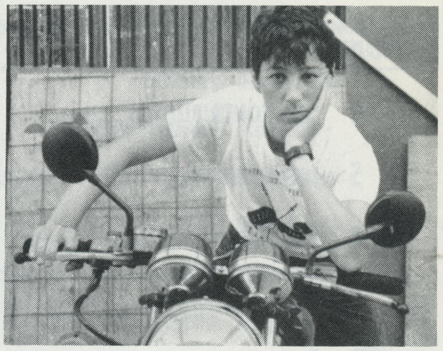
The Xandria Collection, Dept. OB1192
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection Gold Edition catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for four dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase. ($4 U.S., $5 CAN., £3 U.K.)

Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________________
State__________ Zip__________
I am an adult over 21 years of age:
____
(signature required)

Xandria, 874 Dubuque Ave., South San Francisco 94080. Void where prohibited by law.

CONTRIBUTORS



Judith Halberstam

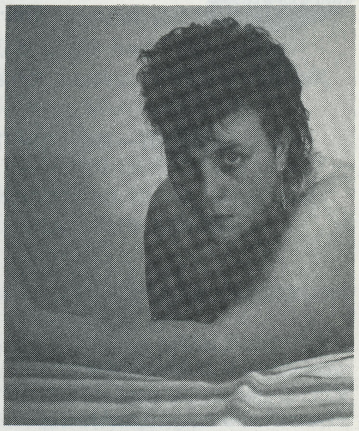
Since she got a tattoo, we figured **Judith Halberstam** finally made herself cute enough for us to run her photo—though it was taken, unfortunately, pre-tattoo.

Beth "E.C." Key is having the wildest time of her life since becoming Ms. Southbay Leather '92. As for all those tattoos—let's just say it's an obsession.

Tina Marie Carroll enjoys getting uptight wenches' panties in a wad when it comes to photography and sexuality. Her motto is, "Get over it and get off."

"Metz" is the current Ms. Central Valley Leather and the owner of Draconian Leather. Since coming to the Bay Area and discovering just how wild and wicked the women here really are, she's trying to relocate in order to fulfill her erotic aspirations.

Carol A. Queen works at Good Vibrations and writes about sex and thinks about sex and talks about sex and has a big sex toy collection. She recently went to the AIDS Conference in Amsterdam and connected with other sex workers in the global whore's community.



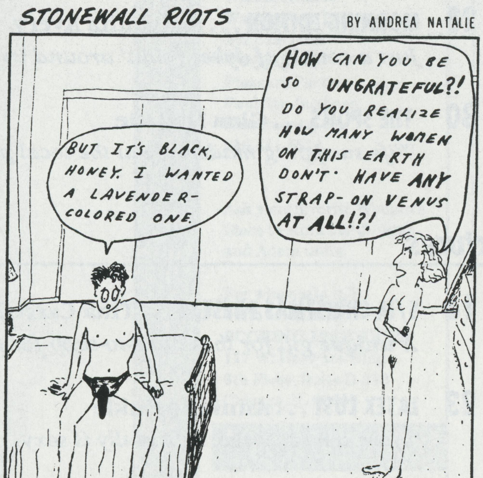
Gina Dellatte

Mindy Spatt is a San Francisco-based activist and frequent contributor to *On Our Backs.*

Loraine Hutchins is a media junkie who reads everything she can get her hands on. She keeps her eyesight keen with frequent masturbation.

Annie Sprinkle will be teaching women "How to Be A Sex Goddess in 101 Easy Steps" on the West Coast during late October and early November. For details call (212) 779-1865.

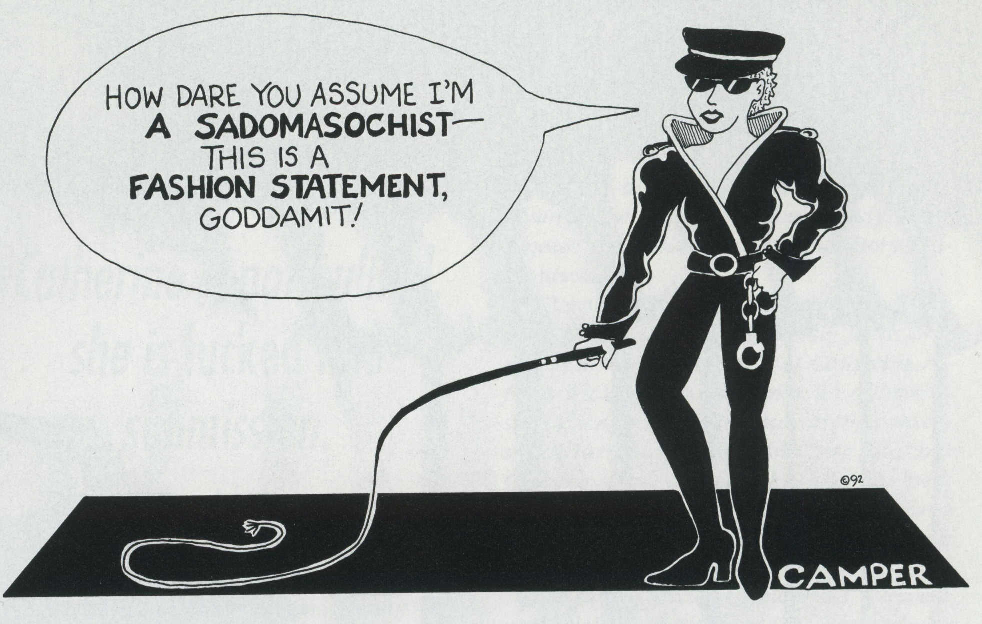
Gina Dellatte is a country-dwelling city dyke with wild, erotic ideations. She loves softball, volleyball, massages, and Bernadette Santos. Her first novel is in its final draft.


STONEWALL RIOTS
BY ANDREA NATALIE
BUT IT'S BLACK, HONEY. I WANTED A LAVENDER-COLORED ONE.
HOW CAN YOU BE SO UNGRATEFUL?! DO YOU REALIZE HOW MANY WOMEN ON THIS EARTH DON'T HAVE ANY STRAP-ON VENUS AT ALL!?!

Kendra Harness made a fatal error by majoring in art/photography and has been paying for it ever since. She is currently starting up Lost Angeles Rubber Works, featuring "alternative art rubber stamps for cultural heretics."

Corrections:

The phone number for **Woman Inc.,** listed in the article "Betrayal of Passion" (July/August '92) was incorrect. The correct number is (415) 864-4722. Also, thanks to Woman Inc. for their help in compiling "Warning Signals of Abuse."


HOW DARE YOU ASSUME I'M A SADOMASOCHIST— THIS IS A FASHION STATEMENT, GODDAMIT!
©92
CAMPER

THESE BOOTS WERE MADE FOR WALKING OUT . . . . . .

In her review of the 16th San Francisco International Lesbian and Gay Film Festival (Sept/Oct '92), Judith Halberstam misinterpreted the audience's negative response to the film *Mano Destra*. She stated that the reaction to the film was "one exception to an atmosphere of tolerance and diversity" and that it "proved to be one of the few films that elicited the dreaded 'lesbian sex police' behavior." Noting that "women left in droves," she speculated that this resulted from the ways that "this film in particular tested and uncovered new taboos."

I must take exception to this reading of audience reaction. I attended *Mano Destra*, observed the audience, and spoke with a number of other attendees. The antagonism toward the film did not originate from the "lesbian sex police," nor did it reflect hostility toward its S/M content. On the contrary, it was mostly local S/M lesbians who were leaving *en masse*.

> **Good -looking but obviously inexperienced models are handed riding crops and asked to perform...**

It was also S/M lesbians who attended the film in great numbers. Since the film was billed as "S/M cinema," and "a European cult classic," the screening was expected to be the big lesbian S/M event at the festival.

People dressed for the occasion. The line outside the Roxie Theater was a cruisers' feast of booted women, leather jackets, tattoos and body piercings, corsets and bustiers, lingerie, high fetish regalia, and assorted expressions of genderfucking. It was Opening Night at the Opera—from Hell.

The film was visually beautiful—but to many, incredibly and unexpectedly boring. To S/M cognoscenti in attendance, it seemed to favor fashion over proficiency, particularly when the exquisitely dressed "Top" fondling the equipment seemed completely unaware of how to use it. This apparent lack of competence invoked the contempt usually reserved for the kind of commercial S/M porn in which good-looking but obviously inexperienced models are handed riding crops and asked to perform, or for people who go out and spend a fortune on leather clothes but do not know how to use a tit-clamp. Within the S/M community this kind of behavior is often called Standing and Modeling.

Aside from some beautifully posed bondage, very little occurred in the film. One thing that did occur—repeatedly and *ad nauseam*—was the sound of booted feet approaching and then fading into the distance. After the umpteenth aural episode of coming and going, the audience, for lack of anything better to do, began to stomp along. This provided some much needed amusement.

There were some among those to whom I spoke afterwards who liked the film—its visuals, its artiness, and even the sense of frustration it induced (one friend noted that it made her want to get involved in doing something to that lovely, waiting bottom). But many of the S/M practitioners there were simply disappointed. One friend felt that *Mano Destra* displayed a lot of money and cinematic technique, but little knowledge of S/M activity. A couple who came all the way from Santa Rosa told me they stayed only because they kept thinking it would get better. Someone who fled the endless marching boots later commented that the real masochists were those who stayed for the audio torture.

The audience included many experienced players and party-goers, and these were well-represented among those who departed early. The film reminded many in attendance of the more frustrating and unpleasant times in their bedrooms or dungeons or at parties. It evoked some of the least treasured moments in recreational sex play: those times when a person wants very badly for something to happen and nothing does. It went beyond anticipation, and dwelled less on S/M, D/S, TT, or WS than on WF: waiting and fidgeting. While anticipation and suspense have an honored place in S/M play, waiting and fidgeting have limited appeal.

At the end of the film, someone in the audience yelled, "Isn't this like a bad night at the Ecstasy Lounge?" This statement succinctly captured the prevailing mood.

Part of the problem is that since good S/M media are so scarce, expectations of any single work can be excessively high, and no film can be all things to all viewers. *Mano Destra* was an art film with a bondage theme and some gorgeous visual moments. But it fell significantly short of satisfying the longing to see exciting, well-made S/M erotica, or adventuresome feature films with S/M characters and plots, or even clever S/M comedy.

One might criticize the audience reaction to *Mano Destra* as rude, impatient, spoiled by the production qualities of mainstream movies, or lacking in appreciation for glacially paced art films. But these were not the lesbian sex police or people disturbed by the shattered taboos. They were a bunch of S/M dykes horny for more, better, sexier, interesting, and entertaining S/M media.

—*Gayle Rubin, San Francisco*

PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

FORGET SHOPPING, CHECKOUT LINES, RESERVATIONS, AUNT EDNA'S PIE RECIPE, BILLS, PARENTS, SNOW, TRAFFIC, MALLS, KIDS, TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES.

GET COZY WITH ON OUR BACKS.

SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

MasterCard VISA

ORDER BY PHONE
1.800.845.4617

Or send payment to: On Our Backs—ND92
526 Castro St • San Francisco, CA 94114

- ☐ **1 YR Sub, $34.95** (CA residents add 8.5% tax)
- ☐ **2 YR Sub, $59.95** (CA residents add 8.5% tax)
- ☐ **Canada $42.95**
- ☐ **Foreign $59.95**

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________

City ______________ State ______ Zip ______

Signature X ______________________________

☐ I already have a sub, please extend.

LETTERS

Organic Orgasms. . . . .

Regarding corn starch and cunts ("Ejaculating Dildo," Ask Fanny, July/August '92): corn starch has been implicated in yeast infection diaper rash in babies. Use arrowroot instead, at half the amount you'd use the corn starch, available at any health food store. Good for your stir-fry sauces, too! By the way, if you used plain yogurt in your dildo, you could actually *prevent* yeast infections!

—A Concerned Health Cadet

Women Spanking Women. . . .

Women spanking women is my favorite S/M activity, even though I've only read about and fantasized spankings. I am wanting more—an element of reality to add to my sexual fantasies.

I love your magazine—I can find in it so many different aspects of sexuality that are beautiful or sexy.

—Joanne O. Hurst
La Jolla, CA

Rug Rats Are Basic, Not Queer

I found Judith Halberstam's reading of *Basic Instinct* (Clit Culture, July/August '92) one of the most unnerving, unsettling, and even insulting pieces of writing to be found in a lesbian magazine. Halberstam repudiates Queer Nation's and queer journalists' protests of the film by claiming, among other things, that the film is "about the objectification of men and the lesbianization of straight sex." Yet, the gist of her text reveals a serious misreading of the film.

As part of her condemnation of Queer Nation, Halberstam asks what the protestors are so angry about "given that *[Basic Instinct]* is a film about women who...refuse to be bullied into some kind of conventional submission." Actually, Halberstam is correct to say that Catherine is not bullied into conventional submission, because Catherine is not bullied, she is *fucked* into submission. In the film's final scene, she and Nick talk about spending the rest of their lives "fucking like bunnies and raising rug rats."

After Roxie's death I nearly walked out of the film. As a lesbian, I was deeply offended and outraged by the death of Roxie, who I felt was a carefully constructed not-too-butch, not-too-femme "every lesbian" character with whom I felt a majority of lesbians could identify. In many ways I wish I would have trusted this basic instinct of mine, to walk out, because the film only got progressively worse. Conspicuously absent from Halberstam's reading is any mention of the film's ending.

Catherine is not bullied, she is fucked into submission.

With Roxie out of the way, Nick is more easily able to move in on Catherine, to completely take Roxie's place in Catherine's life. *He* does this—*not*, as Halberstam states, as a lesbian. Both culturally and physiologically, Nick is a *man*. Sure, he may have a little cleavage, but that is because his *pecs*, not his "breasts" are well-defined. And that's no strap-on between his legs, but an anatomically attached, fleshy penis—no harness needed! If Nick represents anything to Catherine at this point he is a "daddy" figure: someone to console her, to give her a shoulder to cry on, and the "fuck of the century." No, Nick is not a lesbian because he is also capable of giving her, according to the last, very impression-making scene in the film, something that no lesbian could ever give her: namely, "rug rats" and a life happily ever after in heterosexuality.

I ask you: where is the lesbianization in that ending?

—Debra Berard
San Francisco, Ca

Berard reads Basic Instinct *in the same way that a host of outraged gays and lesbians have: as an offensive and violent insult to women. I am asking that we take a closer look at the way the film depicts female violence and how it complicates an already tangled relationship between fact and fiction. I know the film has homophobic potential, but I think it fails to live up to this potential because it self-consciously interrogates masculinity and compulsory heterosexuality.*

Berard claims that I ignored the film's ending, but the ending merely lends credence to my argument that Catherine refuses Nick's romantic fantasies of heterosexual union. The film ends as the conversation turns to marriage and "rug rats," but Catherine has an icepick under the bed, and we know from the film's opening scene that she will use it on Nick as soon as he fails to fulfill her sexual needs.

As far as Roxie is concerned, I have a real problem with the idea that she was "carefully constructed not-too-butch, not-too femme," as someone "with whom a majority of lesbians could identify." This exemplifies the problem of one person thinking they know what all lesbians like, what all lesbians will be offended by, and what all lesbians identify with. Androgyny as a marker of lesbian identity is homophobic because it turns the lesbian into an ambiguous creature caught between genders.

I'm just asking that we use a little more imagination in our interpretations.

—Judith Halberstam

Hairy Or Not, She's Horny

Love your Sept/Oct '92 issue. Hairy women get my cunt soaked. Hairless women also get me hot. If I only had one of each.

—Crystal B.
Oklahoma City, OK

Gone Conservative . . . .

Please cancel my subscription. I no longer feel that *On Our Backs* represents my tastes aesthetically or ethically. Thank you for your efforts at breaking the uptight feminist status quo. I do think that there is much that is refreshing about your magazine, but I have become too conservative to enjoy tattoos, porn stars, and infidelity.

—Susan McCallister
Knoxville TN

Letters should be sent to Letters Editor, On Our Backs, 526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114. Every letter must be accompanied by the sender's name and address and should be printed or typed. Letters may be shortened or edited for clarity.

ASK FANNY

. . . "The home fires actually stoke some girls' passion."

THREATENED BY CHANGE

DEAR FANNY: I've been reading and learning a lot about sex lately. I'm excited to try new things, but my lover isn't. I tell her what I'm thinking about and she cuts me off. I took her to a workshop on fisting, and she sat like a bump on a log. Then she told me the mere thought of it disgusts her, but she would do it anyway just to please me. How can I be aroused knowing that what she's doing is disgusting her? How can I get through to her? Why is she acting like this?

—Distressed Desire

DEAR DD: Your lover was comfortable with the status quo, and is feeling insecure about your changes. She obviously doesn't understand the impetus behind your new interest, and is interpreting it personally, probably wondering if you're unhappy with her lovemaking, or even lying to her about it. When lovers get defensive sexually it's usually performance-oriented anxiety, or a control issue. On your end, there's little that can be as damaging to self-esteem as lack of support from your partner.

What to do? Sex is the one thing a relationship must have in common. Unlike other interests one can develop individually, sexual experimentation is not one of them. After all, who will you experiment with? She doesn't sound like the non-monagamous type.

Deal with her passive-aggressiveness by asking why she's being so conservative. Make it clear how this new interest in sex came about, and how you thought it would enhance your relationship. Most importantly, get her to talk about her sexual needs. She may be feeling left behind by your changes. If you still get the clam treatment, I'm afraid I don't have good news for you: you may have to split up. I suspect your relationship has been a mismatch in other areas as well, and this issue is bringing it to the fore—she's too stodgy and controlling compared to your open-mindedness. I mean, really, thank her for her kind offer to assist you fulfilling your fantasy while she holds her nose! You can get the same treatment wearing a g-string and pasties to a society ball.

HOLIDAY SEX AT MOM'S

DEAR FANNY: My lover and I are going to spend the week between Christmas and New Years with her folks. They fully accept us as lesbian partners, and we will have our own double bed in a private room, but my lover has told me to prepare for a week of celibacy. She claims there's just no way she can fuck in her family's home.

We normally have sex every other day at minimum, and I don't think I can endure a week of sleeping with her without it. I also think it's a pretty bleak way to spend the holidays. What do you think?

—Starved Santa

DEAR STARVED SANTA: I think she just dropped a nasty piece of coal in your Christmas stocking! You know, the home fires actually stoke some girls' passion. With moist lips and beating hearts they anticipate the "it's-been-a-long-trip" nap upon arrival at mom's. The naughtiness of doing it under "their" roof, or the silence imposed because "they're" in the room next door fuels the danger potential of being caught, and heats up sex with flushed bodies, fevered movements and thick, easy orgasms.

Having sex with your partner while at the family's has the added boost of centering yourself and strengthening the tie with your beloved, which gets frayed by all the social demands and family-based emotions that can rage during the holidays. Your lover will feel better, too, if she connects with you sexually during the holidays. Start by telling her so; then get her to talk out! out! out! all those creepy skeletons about making love in their house. Tell her why you need to make love while there, and why it doesn't bother you. Keep sex playful and festive while at mom's, perhaps eroticizing some of her reservations by whispering their sexual counterparts in her ear. Save slow, intimate, and vulnerable sex for when you're safely at home, and don't need to walk immediately out the bedroom door composed and ready to light the tree.

TOO BUSY FOR LOVE

DEAR FANNY: All my life (I'm 46) I've been plagued by the question of monogamy/non-monogamy. I've tried both and neither seems to work. I have been in a relationship for two years now that's monogamous because we're committed to making it last, and we're too jealous to deal with non-monogamy. However, my lover has a very busy schedule and I sometimes go two weeks without seeing her or having sex. This makes me frustrated, depressed, and angry, and I am considering bedding down with a hot butch who's been after my ass for months. I've told my lover all this, but she refuses to do anything to change the situation. I know that once I "break the spoon" our relationship will never be the same again. Help!

—In Agony

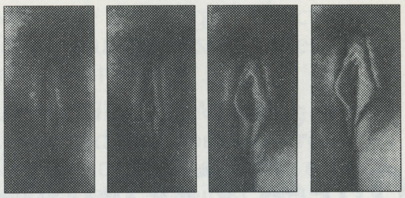
> "My lover has a very busy schedule and I sometimes go two weeks without seeing her or having sex."

DEAR AGONY: Monogamy/non-monagamy is not the issue. The issue is why are you in a "committed" relationship with someone you only see every two weeks? To go that long without love, sex, and support from a partner is cruel and unusual punishment. What did you do that was so bad to deserve such treatment?

Since you're not in a cross-country relationship, these long intervals between seeing each other is not what you expect or want. Otherwise, you wouldn't be "frustrated, depressed, and angry."

Life is short. Get bedded by that hot hunk and relish the ego massage. You never had a spoon, only a desire for one. Keep looking. Δ

ON OUR BACKS
Sapphone
THIS COUNTRY'S HOTTEST LESBIAN PERSONAL ADS
Call Her Right Now!
1.900.288.8002
From your touch-tone phone.
99¢ per minute • 18 and older

Give your special Someone...

"Her" Erection
Four beautiful black and white photos printed on a rosie mauve background, on high quality Teton textured paper. Poster $15.00, 3.50 for shipping and ins.. Add 50¢ postage per add. poster ordered. Canada/Europe: $4.50 for postage, 50¢ for each add. ordered. Money order in U.S. dollars only. Allow 2 weeks for delivery. Make check/money order out to Prinny Alavi, 180 Thompson St. N.Y., N.Y. 10012. Alavi Productions All rights reserved © 1991

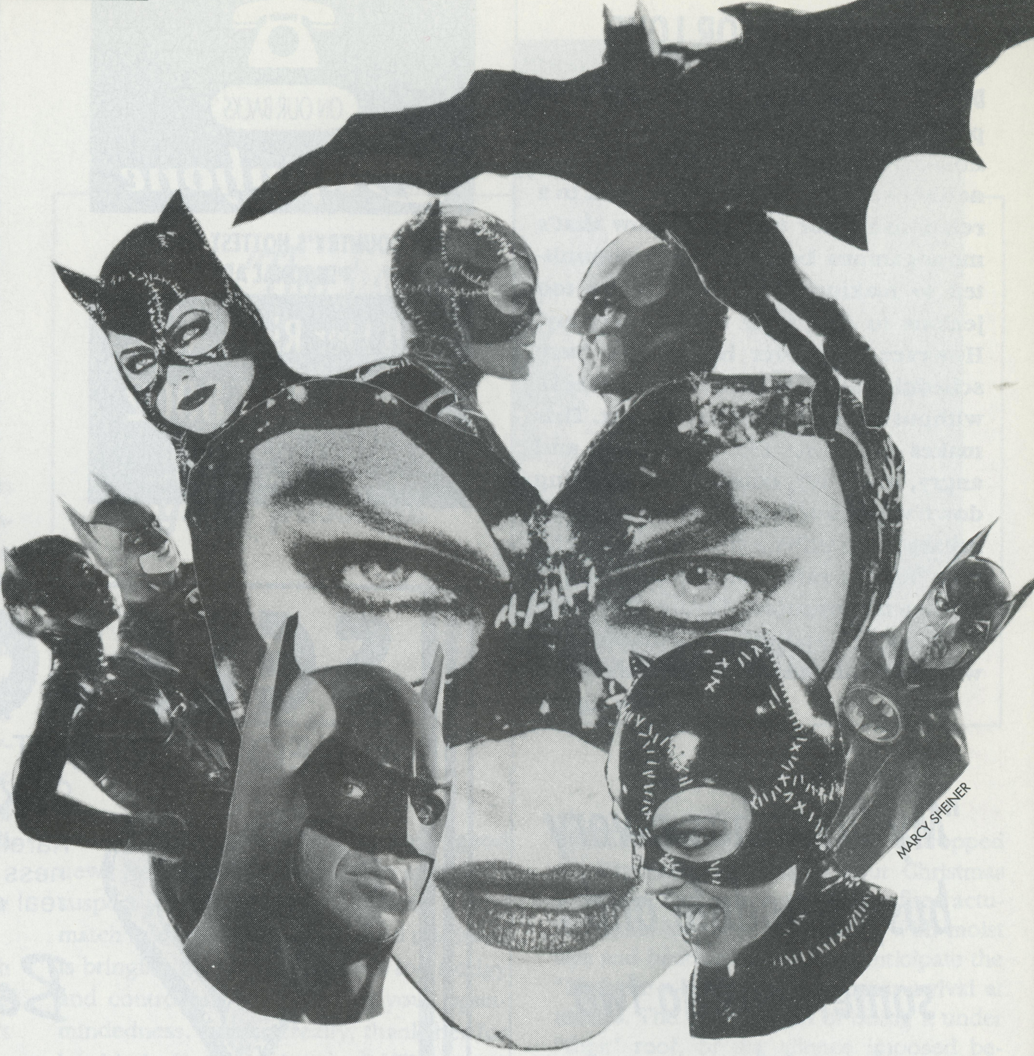
SELFLOVING
VIDEO PORTRAIT OF A WOMEN'S SEXUALITY SEMINAR
"Rarely, if ever, do we get to witness a group of women having real orgasms together."
-ON OUR BACKS
Betty Dodson
Box 1933 Murray Hill
New York, NY 10156
$45 includes shipping

VENUS IN URANUS?
STONE BUTCH or HOT BITCH?
Can an astrological birthchart reveal your lovemaking style and tastes? For only $12.50?
Betcha Beaver!
Holiday Special: 2 or more 8-10 pg Sex Portraits only $10.00 each!
(Compatability Portraits also available -- send SASE for info and order form.)
Submit the following information for each SEX PORTRAIT: Name; Birth city & state; Birth month, day & year; Birth hour, minute and AM or PM, and shipping address.
Send check or money order (including $2 S&H) to:
AstroScoop, Dept OOB-1292, PO Box 410, Londonderry, NH 03053.
Allow 2-4 weeks for delivery. Holiday orders must be postmarked by December 15.

QUEER CULTURE

QUEER CREATURES

Regular readers of this column will have noticed by now that it is committed to perverse readings of popular culture. To what end, you might ask? Well, it is my—possibly misguided—belief that lesbian culture simply does not have to remain confined to that small corner of the world where lesbian artists make lesbian artworks about lesbian themes. I can read lesbian codes everywhere, not because I make them up but because gay and lesbian sexual codes do permeate our culture—if only because people try so strenuously to ignore them.



MARCY SHEINER

> **Their flirtation in capes looked queer precisely because they were not man and woman, they were bat and cat, or latex and rubber.**

All this, of course, is to prepare you for what follows: since I last took to the sheets I have encountered the queer code of the caped crusader himself, Batman. There is a rich lesbian subculture built around comic books (or comix) originally modeled on superhero editions. These comix create fantasy worlds where there are separatist planets, utopian futures and lots of weird and wonderful sex.

In *Batman Returns* I was struck by the perverse quality of Tim Burton's characters, and I thought it was interesting how he made his superheroes vulnerable precisely around the issue of their sexuality. Catwoman, of course, is the transformation of a mousy secretary into a feline feminist. After her boss tries to murder her by pushing her out a window, Catwoman is revived by a pack of cats who crawl all over her body and give her the kiss of life. This is an eerie and strangely arousing scene, and it plays off the unnaturally close relationship she had with her pet pussy earlier in the movie. I hardly need to mention that the close relationship between lesbians and their cats is a standard feature of lesbian mythology.

In her reincarnation as Catwoman, the stunning and acrobatic Michelle Pfeiffer turns into a female vigilante making the streets safe for women. But it is in her encounters with Batman that we really see how the two characters are set off from Gotham society, both in terms of their superhuman powers and their odd sexualities. Both Batman and Catwoman have secret identities that must be well-hidden from the people they work with; both dress up in what is considered to be drag and maintain a double life designed to guard their closeted identities. Batman, in fact, literally keeps his superhuman identity closeted—he actually has a closet lined with Batman suits. Catwoman also has a hideway she retreats to in order to be transformed into her real self, and she makes her costume out of a trashy latex dress.

The masks that Batman and Catwoman wear would suggest that they are hiding behind a costume, but in fact the costume is closer to who they really are. The daytime clothes—suits and dresses—are drag for these two. This becomes obvious when they attend a masked ball *in regular clothes*. The tuxedo and the cocktail dress are disguises for the man and the woman who have to make a show of being normal.

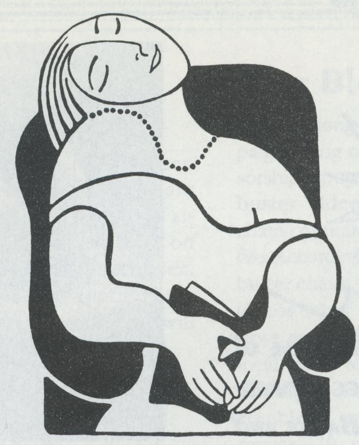
JUDITH HALBERSTAM

Similarly, when Batman and Catwoman try to get it on sexually, it only works when they're in their caped crusader outfits. Naked heterosexuality is a miserable failure between them—after one kiss they beat a hasty retreat, rushing back to their closets to change. Vanilla sex simply is not possible between them at this point, partly because they are both sore from wrestling each other the night before. When they encounter each other in costume, something much sexier happens; in fact, the only thing missing is a really good scene where we get to hear the delicious sound of Catwoman's latex sliding against Batman's black rubber/leather skin. To me their flirtation in capes looked queer precisely because it was not heterosexual: they were not man and woman, they were bat and cat, or latex and rubber, or feminist and vigilante. Gender became irrelevant and sexuality was dependent on many other factors. Also, both of them looked like safe-sex ads, clothed as they were in protective rubber and latex shields.

You could also read their sexual encounters as the kind of sex play between gay men and lesbians that we hear so much about recently: the sexual encounter is queer because both partners are queer, their genders less relevant. Just because Batman is male and Catwoman is female does not make their interactions heterosexual. Think about it. There is nothing straight about two people getting it on in rubber and latex costumes, wearing eyemasks, and carrying whips and other accoutrements. In their caped sexual interaction, Batman plays a pretty good bottom cowering before the pussy with a whip, standing perfectly still while she runs her hands all over his body looking for a chink in his armor through which she can touch his...flesh. In one particularly hot scene, Catwoman even draws blood from her tough little bottom. There are many other features that mark Batman and Catwoman as essentially queer. The Bat Cave, for example, resembles a very fancy dungeon—one almost expects to see restraining devices built into the walls.

Batman as a character, of course, has a long history of campy and perverse incarnations: in the TV series from the 60s in particular, he and his side-kick/fuck buddy Robin are truly flaming queens as they escape from one female villain after another. The queer and campy nature of the relationship between Batman and Robin is so obvious that it has sometimes attracted attention from censors who feared that the homoeroticism would contaminate kids who watched the series

(continued on page 44)



THE SEXUALITY
LIBRARY·GOOD
VIBRATIONS

Good Vibrations: A catalog of vibrators and other sex toys that's friendly, feminist and fun. We have the biggest selection of silicone dildos, plus harnesses, lubes, massage oils and more.

The Sexuality Library: A catalog of over 350 books and videos about sex, from enlightening advice to electrifying erotica. Our videos (including feminist and lesbian-made erotica) are chosen and reviewed by Susie Bright.

Catalogs cost $2 each, $3 for both.

Woman-owned and operated for 15 years.

Open Enterprises
1210 Valencia St. #OO
San Francisco, CA 94110

When in San Francisco, come visit our store!

Our Sorority

Part 1 and 2 from *Shadow Lane*

Lambda Sigma Zeta girls don't make mistakes—unless they want the paddling of their lives! **Our Sorority Parts 1 & 2** are the only spanking videos with a feminist ideology. You'll love the sorority bi-laws, which set the refreshing tone for each of these uniquely exciting videos. Intellectual beauty Stephanie Locke and superior stunner Alexis Payne play the two arrogant senior sisters who relish the rarified rush of hazing delectable young pledges Tanya Foxx and Kiri Kelly by means of bare bottom discipline. Learn the true meaning of eating off the mantlepiece. Thrill to the hairbrush, the paddle and crop. Enjoy the many over-the-knee punishment rituals these wicked imps so gleefully enact. Scripted and directed by America's favcrite spanking star, Kiri Kelly, this is the sorority spanking tour-de-force Shadow Lane customers have been begging us to shoot for years. The double paddling scenes will leave you breathless as the pledges get the spankings of their lives. **Our Sorority Parts 1 and 2** feature 4 of the most intelligent and appealing women in the scene. Their charismatic personalities counterpointing the remarkably intense spanking scenes are a wonder to behold. Send $99.90 for both videos, or $49.95 for one video (specify whether you want Part 1 or Part 2), plus $3.00 shipping on entire order to: Shadow Lane-OOB, P.O. Box 1910, Studio City, CA 91614-0910 MasterCard/Visa orders call (818) 985-9151 Add $9.95 if you wish us to include a copy of our superb 64 page spanking magazine **Stand Corrected** (Deluxe catalog of spanking products sent free with every order.)

BIG WOMEN

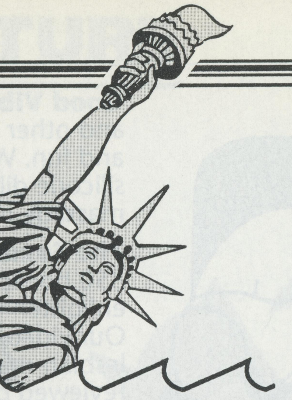
1-900

226 BIG1

1-900-226-2441

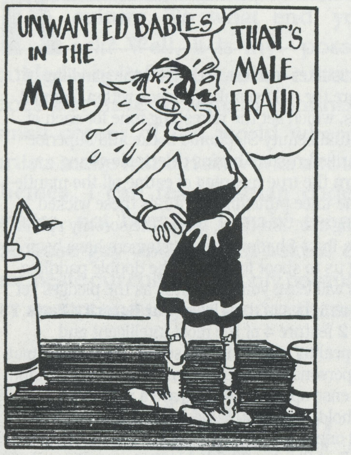
95 cents per minute. You must be 18 or older!!

Censorship Update



by **Marcy Sheiner**

This column brings you information about the wave of censorship threatening and often stifling free expression. So that you can keep reading On Our Backs and other "subversive" materials, take a stand. Be informed. Fight censorship.


UNWANTED BABIES IN THE MAIL
THAT'S MALE FRAUD

Oyl Floats On Political Stew

Olive Oyl has become a focus of the abortion rights controversy—that's right, Olive Oyl, **Popeye's** stringy girlfriend. In an unpublished episode of the comic strip, Ms. Oyl received an unwanted **Baby Bluto** doll in the mail, and a priest tried to rally right-wingers to pressure her into keeping the baby. Oyl stood strong, asserting her right to choose whether or not to become a mother. **King Features**, Popeye's syndicator, promptly fired **Bobby London**, the strip's writer since 1986, when he turned in the episode. London, who says that in order to do the Popeye strip he had to "eat, drink and breathe spinach" 24 hours a day, claims he would have changed the pro-choice piece if asked, but wasn't warned that it was inappropriate—in fact, London claims that political satire has long been a tradition in Popeye. Indeed, King Features doesn't appear to be your run-of-the-mill censor: they've used several other comic strips that dealt sensitively with issues such as menstruation and AIDS. One source, who prefers to remain anonymous, says London just wanted out of his job. Another "Deep Throat" says that Popeye's owner, the Hearst Corporation, is under pressure from the anti-abortionist owner of **Popeye's Fried Chicken**, who's threatened to cut off advertising bucks. Sometimes you open a can of spinach and get a can full of worms.

Has The NEA Seen the Light?

The **National Endowment for the Arts**, which has been in a maelstrom of controversy over its denial of funds for sex and/or gay related projects, has made what appears to be somewhat of a turnaround. Its current list of grant recipients includes over 17 gay-related organizations and individuals, including **Redwood Cultural Work, Theatre Rhinoceros, Woolly Mammoth Theater, the Fine Arts Work Center, La MaMa Theatre**, and **Frameline**, whose annual **Gay and Lesbian Film Festival** in San Francisco was discouraged from seeking funding last year. **Queer Nation** has expressed cautious optimism—these are, after all, only 17 out of 1167 grants awarded. That's 1.5% funding for arts projects for ten percent of the population.

TEE CORINNE

Seeing Censored

"Seeing Red, White, or Blue—Censored in the U.S.A." is an art exhibit currently making the rounds in American cities. All 55 artists in the show, from **Robert Mapplethorpe** to **Tee Corinne**, have at some time had their work withdrawn from galleries or museums because of controversial content. The show opened in **Anchorage, Alaska**, where it caused an uproar not normally experienced in that city. Watch for the exhibit, coming soon to a gallery near you, probably amid more flak.

...the book has the potential to inflict permanent psychological damage on children.

Don Juan in the Village
JANE DeLYNN

Don Juan In The Mall

An anti-porn activist from the **American Family Association** has been trying to get **Waldenbooks** to stop carrying **Jane DeLynn's** lesbian novel ***Don Juan in the Village***, claiming the book has the potential to inflict permanent psychological damage on children. Sonia Goulbourn is organizing a picket of **K-Mart**, owners of Waldenbooks, who say they will not play the role of censor. DeLynn was nonplussed by the news. "Obviously," she said, "I'm against censorship—but all publicity is good publicity."

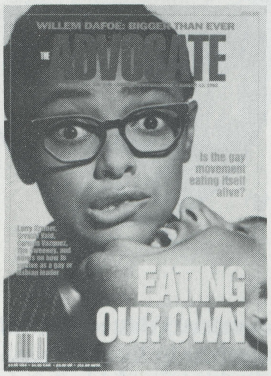
Draconian Legislation

The **Pornography Victims Compensation Act of 1992**, which would make producers and distributors of sexually explicit material liable in cases of sexually violent crimes, has passed the Senate Judiciary and been submitted to Congress for approval. This bill, which presumes that sexually explicit material causes rape and other sexual assaults, would allow the perpetrators of such crimes to deny responsibility for their actions, and would jeopardize your right to read this magazine, among others. Write to both of your senators care of the **U.S. Senate, Washington, D.C.**, 20510, and urge them to oppose passage.

Thanks to the following sources for much of the information contained in this column: *Adult Video News;* Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD); Californians Against Censorship (Cal-Act); and *The Spectator*.

Not Only In America...

and not only for sexual content. In **Israel**, a 51-year-old Arab was placed on three years probation for writing poetry sympathetic to the Palestinian uprising...In **China**, where all pornography is forbidden, Xiao Qian and Wen Jieruo hope their translation of **James Joyce**'s classic **Ulysses**, complete with racy passages, will get past the censors...**Nicaragua** just enacted a law that makes sodomy a crime punishable by up to four years in jail...And in **South Africa**, a subscriber to ***The Advocate*** recently tried to get his country to lift its ban on several gay and lesbian publications, but the appeals committee refused to do so, calling the magazine "indecent," "obscene" and "harmful to public morals." Considering that the "morals" of the South African government are built on the system of apartheid, *The Advocate* ought to be proud.


WILLEM DAFOE: BIGGER THAN EVER
THE ADVOCATE
Is the gay movement eating itself alive?
EATING OUR OWN

Hypocrisy Reigns Supreme

According to ***Capitol Games***, a new book by Timothy Phelps and Helen Winternitz, Supreme Court Justice **Clarence Thomas** regularly patronized a Connecticut porn house during the 70s. Thomas also reportedly rented X-rated movies from video stores in the D.C. area prior to his nomination. While no one's objecting to his right to view sexual materials, or even his taste, Thomas did testify during the hearings brought on by **Anita Hill**'s allegations of harassment that he never did indulge in such activities. Are we surprised? Not!

Premature Censorship

The technology hasn't even been perfected and the censors are moving in—some states are already researching the law on **computer simulations** of sex. Don't count on the future being as progressive sexually as it will be technologically.

Freezing the First Amendment

A boycott has been launched against **Time Warner** in protest of **Ice-T**'s rap song, **"Cop Killer."** The Republicans won't even take campaign money from them now, and they take money from every stinkball imaginable. Though Ice-T maintains his song is a reflection, not an endorsement, of the reality of street life, many record stores have refused to carry his album. Kudos to Time Warner for refusing to act as censors—they've even issued a statement saying their policy is to "ensure that the voices of the powerless...are heard."

Perverted Pride

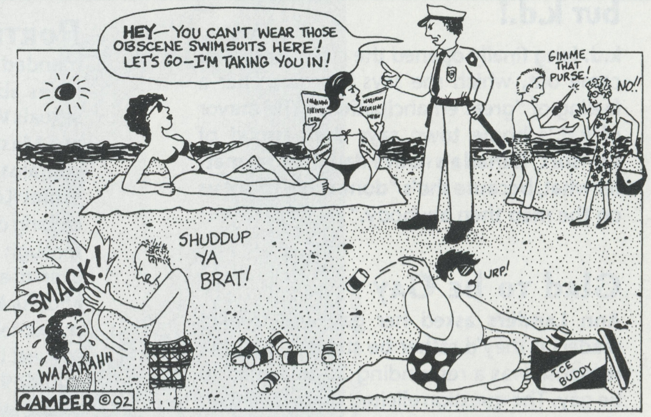
Videotapes of the **San Francisco Lesbian and Gay Freedom Day Parade** are being used to spread hatred and homophobia. Prepared by the **Oregon Citizen's Alliance,** images of nude dancers and the usual rabble-rousing gang of dildo dykes, drag queens, and leatherfolk appear on screen, accompanied by the words "This is what gay rights means." (Actually, that's fairly accurate!) The video is being circulated among churches and community groups in Florida, Kentucky, and Colorado, as well as in Oregon, where an amendment will appear on this year's ballot that, if passed, will actually prohibit civil rights ordinances. The amendment would also remove from libraries books that portray homosexuality in a realistic manner, require schools to teach homophobia, prohibit lesbian and gay parades on public property, and jeopardize the licenses of businesses serving the community. To protest passage of this fascistic legislation, write **The Oregonian,** 1320 SW Broadway, Portland, OR 97205.

Bust Blockbuster

The year-long public awareness campaign being conducted by anti-censorship groups with regard to **Blockbuster Video** is heating up as the chain continues to spread like wildfire. According to **Cal-Act,** the Blockbuster chain, which refuses to carry videos rated NC-17, opens a new store every 17 hours, often forcing local video stores out of business. The effect of Blockbuster's policies, combined with its considerable power—19 percent of all households have a Blockbuster rental card—is to increase reluctance of film studios to finance movies that might get the dreaded NC-17 rating. If the idea of life with the *Terminator,* unrelieved by even *Henry and June*, terrifies you, then snip your Blockbuster card with a pair of very sharp scissors, tell them why you're doing it, and take out a membership in a video rental store that supports freedom of expression.

True Horror Story Department

Though it's a well-known fact that breast-feeding induces sexual feelings in women, a Syracuse mother lost custody of her daughter after calling a city agency to inquire about those feelings. The agency redirected her call to child protective services, and a sex abuse charge was filed. Ultimately, a judge ruled there was no abuse, but it took Denise Perrigo a year to be reunited with her daughter.

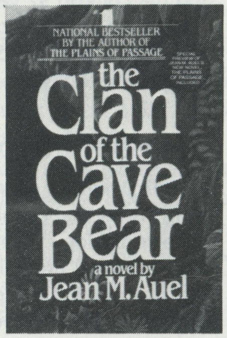

HEY— YOU CAN'T WEAR THOSE OBSCENE SWIMSUITS HERE! LET'S GO—I'M TAKING YOU IN!
GIMME THAT PURSE!
NO!!
SHUDDUP YA BRAT!
SMACK!
WAAAAAHH
URP!
ICE BUDDY
CAMPER ©92

On The Beach

In **Hillsborough County, Florida,** you can now be fined $500 or six months in jail for wearing t-back bathing suits, thongs, or G-strings on the beach.

Meanwhile, Back In The Cave

The school board of **Bethel, Oregon** recently voted to ban ***The Clan of the Cave Bear*** from a school library because the book contains a rape scene. **Jean Auel,** author of the best-selling novel, argued that the scene might actually help a young reader understand the seriousness of rape, but the board disagreed. After all, if pre-teens read it, they might ask their parents a question or two, and god forbid any adults should ever have to discuss sex with their kids. Evidently we haven't come very far from the cave.


#1 NATIONAL BESTSELLER BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PLAINS OF PASSAGE
the Clan of the Cave Bear
a novel by Jean M. Auel

Evidently we haven't come very far from the cave.

NewsNotes

by Marcy Sheiner & Shar Rednour

Ch, ch, ch, Changes...Not Bowie, but k.d.!

k.d. lang finally opened the closet door and came out, which she says has given her a feeling of "great emancipation." The mayor of k.d.'s home town says she's proud of **Consort, Canada's** native daughter no matter what, because she's "done more to put us on the map then anybody."

Glad to be Gay

Ann Landers asked her gay and lesbian readers if they'd rather be straight, and the response was a resounding 30-to-1 glad to be gay. The question elicited more mail than almost any other since Landers started writing her column 37 years ago, including one letter from a straight gal who said she wished she was a lesbian. Stop wishing and call **Sapphone** today!

Cross–Shopping Trend

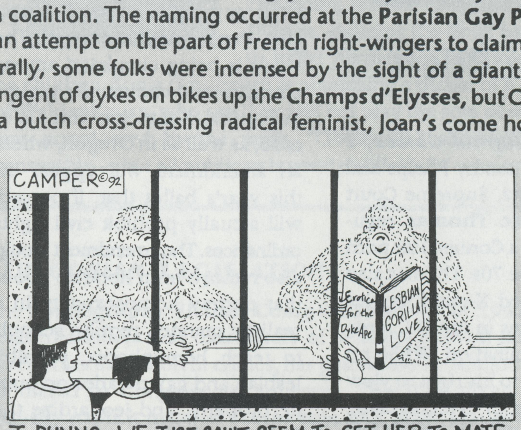
Trend? Dykes, of course, have a cross-shopping *history* that has always influenced mainstream fashion. Whether it's Annie Hall or Annie Lennox providing the inspiration, every few years the rag mags put out some form of "how-to-borrow-from-the-boys" guide to dressing. Recently, however, it's not just been one section of one issue of one magazine—it's been several pages of every issue in several fashion magazines, and also in ads. From ***Vogue*** to ***Mirabella***, the message is that you can only be *au courant* if your closet houses boxers and spats next to bustiers and stilettos. **Macy's San Francisco** even installed an entire "Borrowed From The Boys" department, complete with a pool table adorned by dyke-ish mannequins! **Virginia Slims** billboards now sport a soft imitation of **Elvis Herselvis'** fine look, which we discovered years ago. When it comes to fashion, sex, and general all-around hipness, dykes continue to lead the pack.

Stacking the Queers **Barbara Grier** and **Donna McBride** of **Naiad Press** are donating over 10,000 volumes of lesbian and gay materials to the **Gay and Lesbian Center at San Francisco's New Main Library**. The center, the first of its kind in a public library in America, will house a comprehensive research, literary, historical, and archival collection. Naiad's contribution, amassed over the past 42 years, contains books and monographs dating from 1860, and is reported to be the most complete personal lesbian and gay library in the English language. "We are committed," says Grier, to preserving our words, our stories, our legends."

Make it So, Number One According to our reporters in outer space, the deceased creator of **Star Trek, Gene Roddenberry**, promised on his deathbed to include more gay and lesbian crew members on the **Starship Enterprise**. So far, however, the only instance was the spring episode "The Outcast." The **Gaylactics**, an international organization of gay and lesbian sci-fi clubs, is urging readers to write to the show's co-producers, **Michael Piller** and **Rick Berman**, and tell them we're ready to be beamed aboard. Reporting for duty, Captain Picard.

Portrait of Passion **PBS** is to be commended for airing **Portrait of a Marriage**, a miniseries about the relationship between married bisexuals **Vita Sackville-West** and **Harold Nicholson**, as a **Masterpiece Theater** presentation. The series contains wonderfully erotic scenes of Vita and **Violet Keppel Trefussis**, her childhood friend and lifelong obsession, passionately clawing each other through layers of post-Victorian-era clothing. Vita even dresses in full butch drag as the lovers dance and fuck their way through Paris. If your local public television station isn't airing *Portrait,* call and request they do so. Also, call the distributor (Signals: **800-669-9696**) and tell them you want the series made available on videocassette. Mention that you'd like the videocassette to include the nudity scenes PBS had to cut for prime-time.

Vive La France Perhaps the most famous cross-dresser in history, **Joan of Arc**, has been dubbed the patron saint of gay folk everywhere by **Coeur Croises**, a queer French coalition. The naming occurred at the **Parisian Gay Pride Parade** in reaction to an attempt on the part of French right-wingers to claim Joan as one of theirs. Naturally, some folks were incensed by the sight of a giant plaster Joan leading a contingent of dykes on bikes up the **Champs d'Elysses**, but Coeur Croises claims that as a butch cross-dressing radical feminist, Joan's come home at last.



I DUNNO...WE JUST CAN'T SEEM TO GET HER TO MATE.

Primate Dyke-o. Befuddled zookeepers in **Hamamatsu, Japan**, persist in efforts to interest Daiko, a 15-year-old gorilla, in the mating process. They've tried just about everything to get her to fuck a male of her species, including showing videos of gorillas mating in the wild, but Daiko is unimpressed. So, maybe she's a dyke!—*Kimberlayne Poubelle*

PLAYING WITH ROMANCE

SCRIPT CARD

PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

Since I was a little girl, I have always loved games. Candyland and Go Fish hooked me, and by age seven I'd graduated to the harder stuff—Monopoly and Battleship. I preferred Gin Rummy to jump rope, tic-tac-toe to train sets.

Even in sexual development, my fondness for games was evident. Barbie usually bested Skipper in hide and seek and, as the loser, Skipper was expected to do Barbie's sexual bidding. As I discovered my body, masturbation was my "tickle game," and adolescent fantasies centered on the seduction of challenge.

In college, I discovered Strip Poker and Naked Twister. The competition combined with consensual bodily exposure gave me my first taste of "adult" games. But these were regular games into which nakedness was interjected; I wanted a game that was actually *about* sex. Almost a decade later I was at the local game store picking up the latest version of Trivial Pursuit when I spied Dirty Pictures. What was this? An adult game? A dirty game? A game about sex? I was salivating.

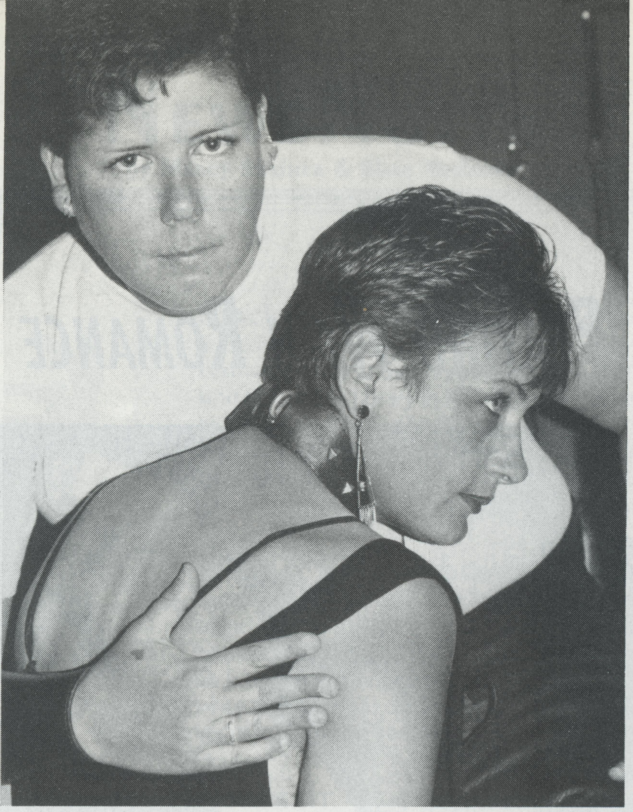
> **Imagine four insane lesbians attempting to draw their conception of intercourse, while their four insane partners yell every possible word for sex except intercourse...**

BY BLAISE

Recent years have seen a proliferation of adult games, and these days one can choose from well over two dozen. But with prices ranging from $20 to $50, one must be a discriminating buyer. And then there's the issue of sexual orientation: to date, all the games I've found are geared toward straight folks, demanding that we employ our finely honed "reference replacement" skills. So keeping in mind our budgets and our dyke sensibilities, which games do we buy?

Today's adult games fall into two basic categories: dirty and intimate. The dirty games are best played with at least four participants; their intent is to be raucous, raunchy, and fun. They differ from their predecessor, Strip Poker, in that the ultimate intent is the game itself, not sex among the participants.

(continued on page 44)



S/M Christmas Present

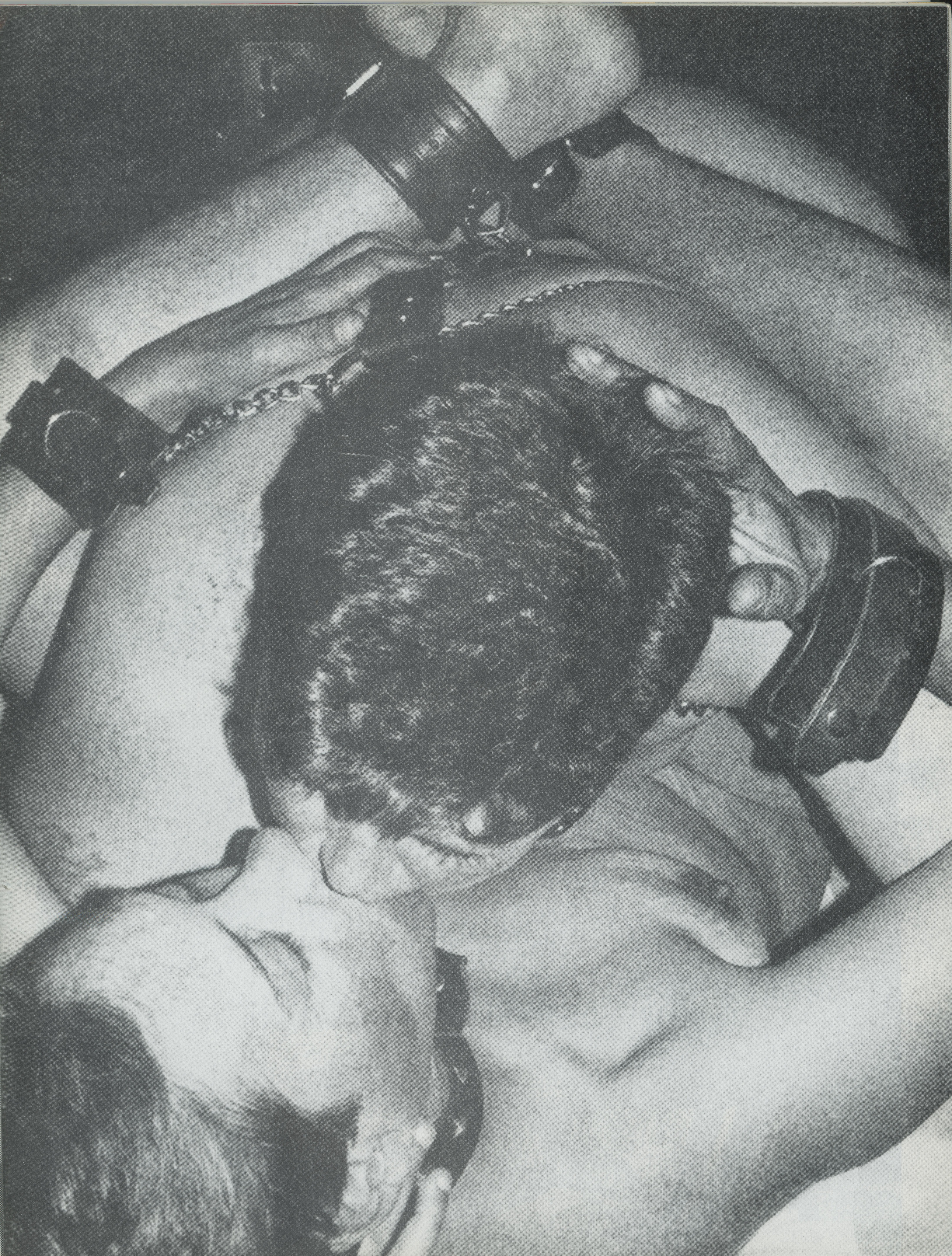
It all began innocently enough. What had been propositioned as a holiday celebration turned into a fantasy come true.

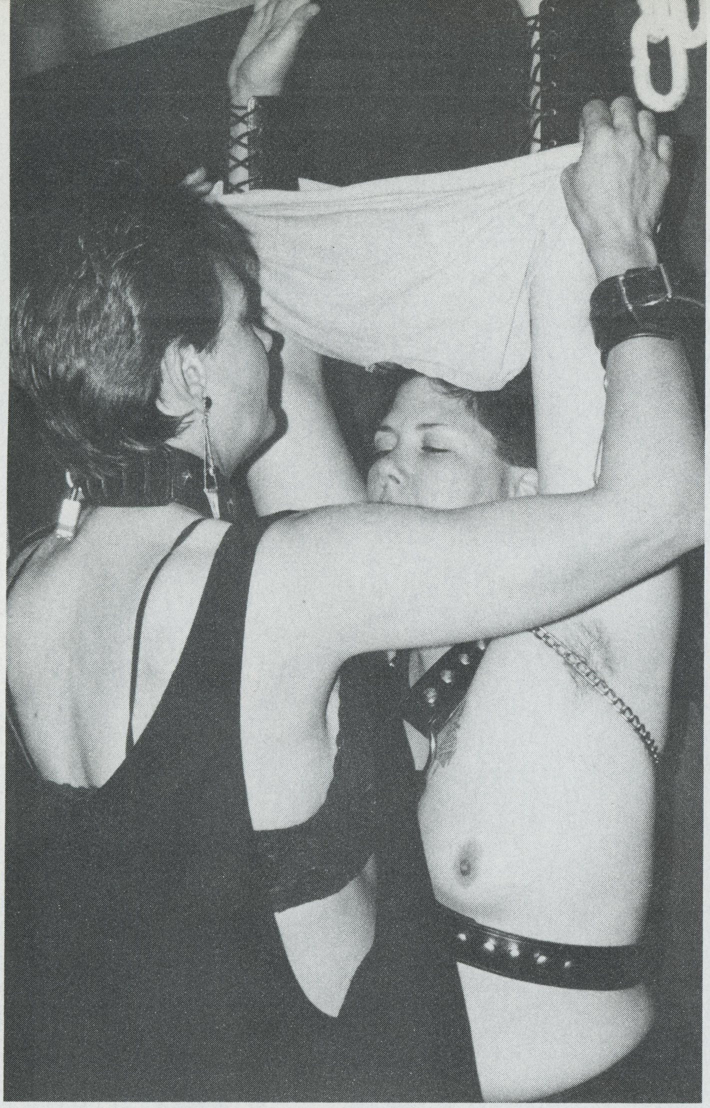
My lover, E.C., had just won a local leather title in which one of the judges, Metz, was our houseguest for the night. After the contest, an invitation to our play party was in order—to properly thank her, after all. The visit turned into a wicked four-day event culminating in a photo session that led to...well, you can see for yourself.

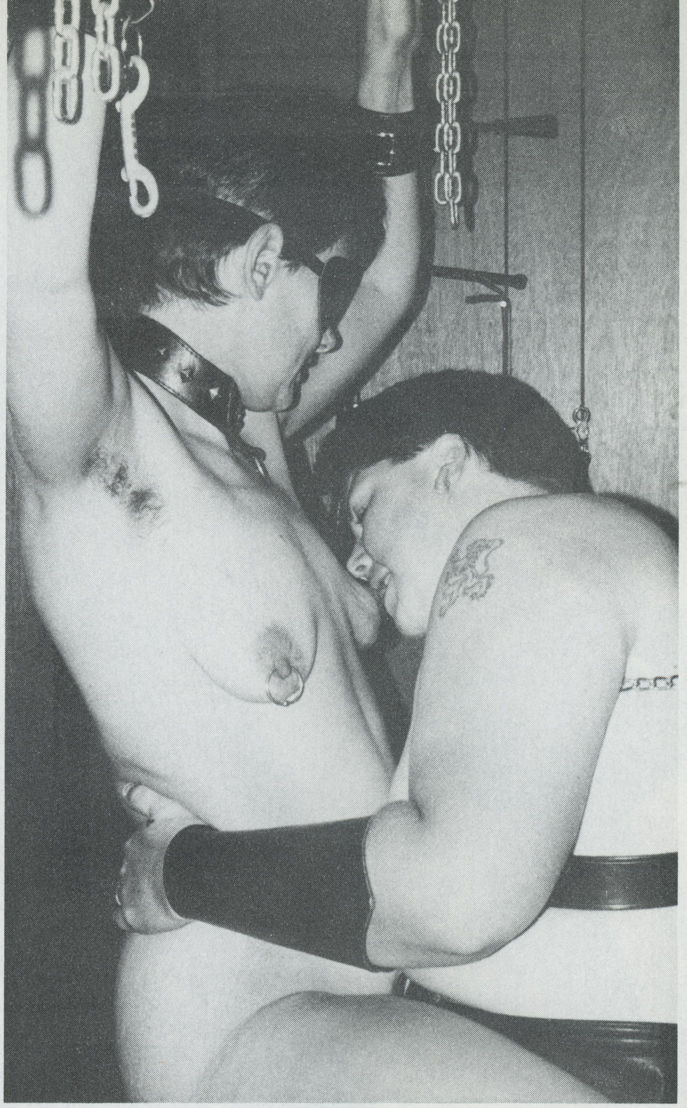
On the day that Metz was to leave, I offered to shoot some pictures of her, posing with E.C. As I was shooting, I could see that my subjects were more than a bit frustrated. Being the good girlfriend (and voyeur) that I am, I pulled Metz aside and asked her point blank if she wanted to pursue things even further—in fact, I asked if she would consent to being a Christmas present for E.C. All I really needed was a simple yes, and, of course, more film. But I wanted even more—I wanted an alternative look for Metz. Put a little makeup on a semi-butch woman and she turns into the slut bottom you've always dreamed of photographing.

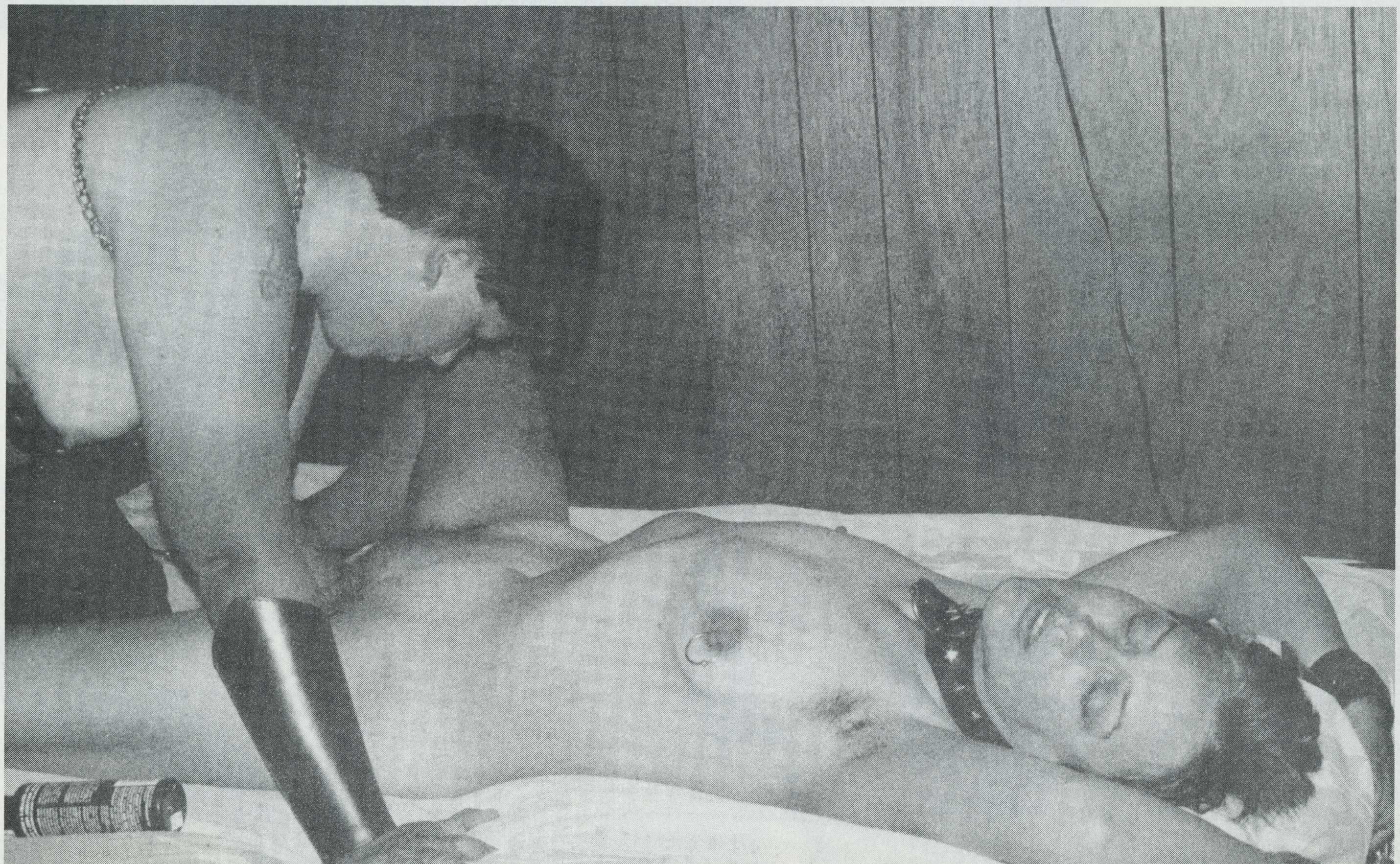
There I was in the midst of this torrid scene, running around to get the best angles without intruding. The two of them were having such a splendid time that steam fogged my lenses, so finally I just sat down and observed. In the three years of our relationship I had never felt as close to my lover as I did then. I love her enough to trust. Enough to share. And enough to capture the event for her.

Who am I kidding? I did it for me. And now, for you.









Shocked that there was nowhere for a woman to comfortably purchase a basic sexual appliance, Williams set out to create a safe space with a radical purpose.

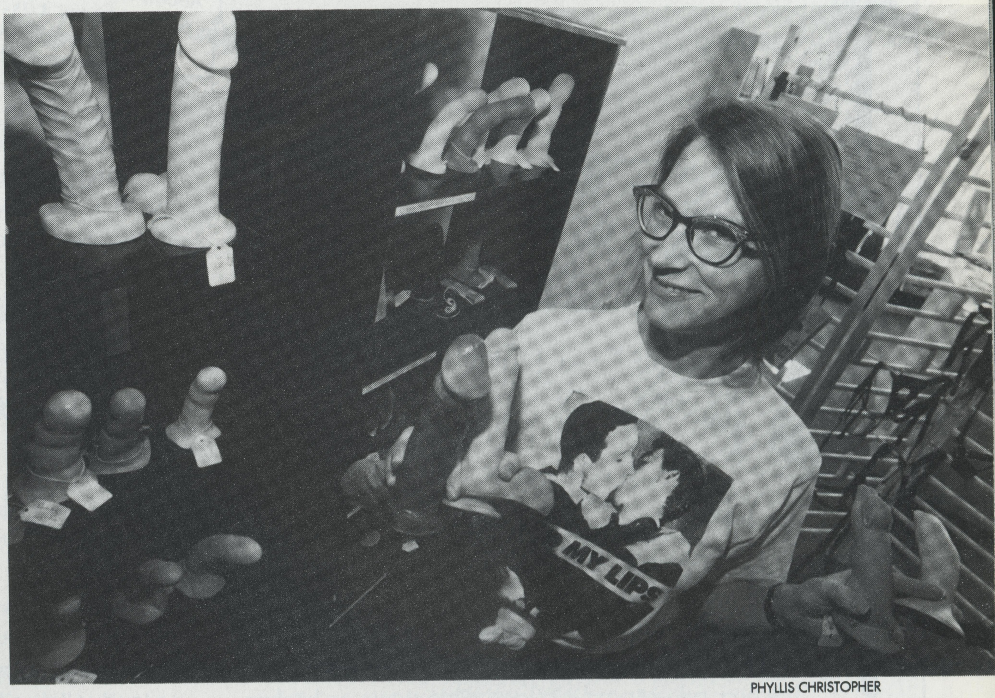
Celebrate the Joy!

Dell Williams of Eve's Garden in New York City

FINN PETERSEN FOENS

SISTERS ARE DOIN' IT FOR THEMSELVES

Carol Queen at Good Vibrations in San Francisco



PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

I consider myself extremely lucky—I have a job where I talk about sex day in and day out. Wonderful people tell me the intimate details of their sex lives, and I brainstorm with them to discover how to make them even better. No, I am not a sex therapist; I work at Good Vibrations, a vibrator store in San Francisco, where fabulous women from all over the country come to buy books and toys to help them become more sexually self-reliant, more communicative with their partners, and more orgasmic. What a way to make a living!

This job would probably be exciting on a desert island, but out here in the real world it is also important. As a feminist sex radical, I have certain political ideals; at Good Vibrations I can take them to work. When women don't see sex as something that just happens to them, or something they have only enough control over to refuse, they can begin the journey of sexual self-discovery that our culture would like to deny all of us.

I came of age at a time when the women's movement embraced not only sexual self-determination in the "Just Say No" mode, but also sexual adventure. I want more than sex with safety, more than freedom from unwanted sex. I want sexual freedom—first to learn, then to fantasize, then to experience. Ironically, even within the context of feminism, wanting these things today is radical.

by Carol A. Queen

However, sex *is* a priority for many women, with or without feminist politics. "Some day my prince will come and so will I" may still be a common myth—and sometimes our prince is a butch girl—but most women at some point find it unpredictable to rely solely on someone else's tongue, hand, or other appendage for satisfaction. Self-pleasuring, sex for one, masturbation—call it what you like, it's a radical act of self-assertion, a cry of "I deserve pleasure!" Orgasm may not be the be-all and end-all of sex, but if you're not coming when you wish you were, it gets in the way and affects self-esteem. Every time I send a woman home with a vibrator, I know I've helped change her life a little bit—maybe even a lot—and sometimes I can tell I'm the only person she's ever discussed her sexuality with in such detail. I believe that women (and men) who can talk about sex and experience orgasm are on their way to living more empowered lives.

Another important foundation of my sexual politics is the belief that sex—including expression, discussion, and exploration—is healthy and good, everyone's birthright, and to be honored in all its consensual manifestations. So it's important to me that I can direct customers to books for S/M dykes, foot fetishists, fisting enthusiasts, cross-dressers, sex workers, and more. After all, I remember a time when I thought I was the only one in the world who wanted sex in, shall we say, unusual ways. And I know my sexual growth would have proceeded much more slowly, if at all, without information and fantasy material.

I come naturally to thinking sex is important, because sex did not come easily to me. As a teenager orgasm eluded me until I read an article in a magazine that mentioned vibrators. Having information but no access to technology is a common dilemma, but I was lucky—there was a vibrator at home, a Swedish massager that strapped to the back of the hand. It was already an antique when I got hold of it, and it sounded like a small lawn mower. The first time I experimented with it I climbed and climbed past the place my inadequate fingers had taken me before, and at the end of a glorious freefloat, my cunt began the rapid, rhythmic contractions of my very first orgasm.

When they say women get "hooked" on vibrators, what they mean is, who in her right mind wouldn't want to try this again...and again?

(continued on page 38)

Dyke on the Street

When we sent Starlene to the streets to ask about sex toys, she brought a list of questions a Magic-Wand long! She found that many of our toy boxes included the same playthings. Here's what she heard about our not-so-common experiences.

Adonis and Andréa fucked with a pickle then put it back in the jar for their uptight roommate!

What's the WORST thing you've done to a sex toy?

40% responded with, "Nothing," shocked that someone would even consider harming a sex toy.

The remaining answers included: Letting the cat play with a dildo (fierce claws), dropping dildo in the toilet, packing favorite toy in ex's bags, cutting dildo up and putting in girlfriend's shoes, cutting girlfriend's dildo up outside three-story window in front of neighbors, cutting dildo up and leaving under pillow.

Natalie, posing with Starlene, put her dildo in the microwave and it bubbled up!

What's the most embarrassing experience involving your sex toy?

41% of women had a dildo break *during use.*

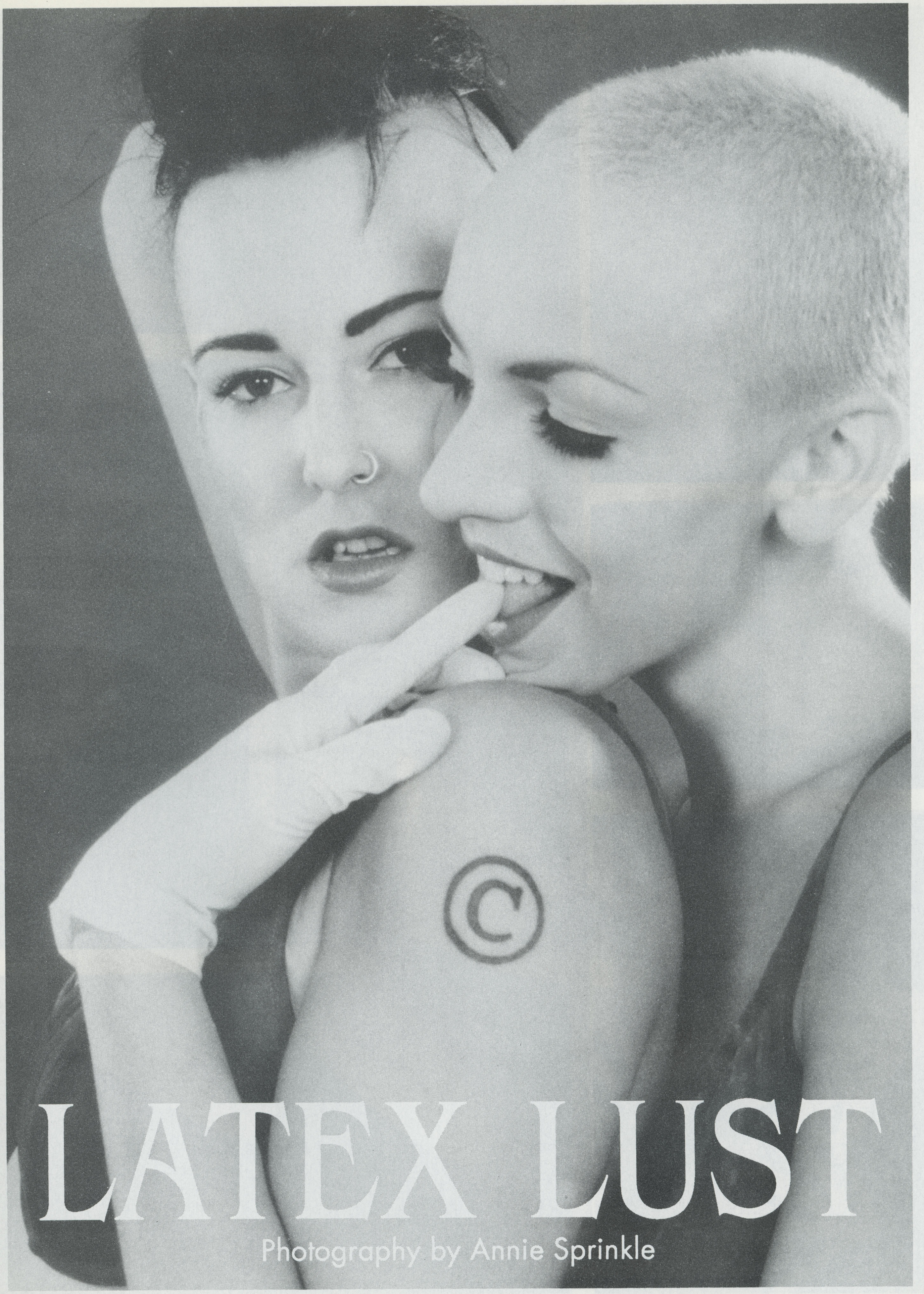
The rest of our answers included: Bag with dildos got searched at airport, straight friend found dildo under the bed, parents came in with dildo sitting on kitchen table, finger got stuck in vibrator while trying to fix battery, pussy burns from falling asleep with vibrator on, and one woman's vibrator turned on while in her back pack at the bus stop!

How would you design your fantasy toy?

42% would like a strap-on dildo that satisfies both partners.

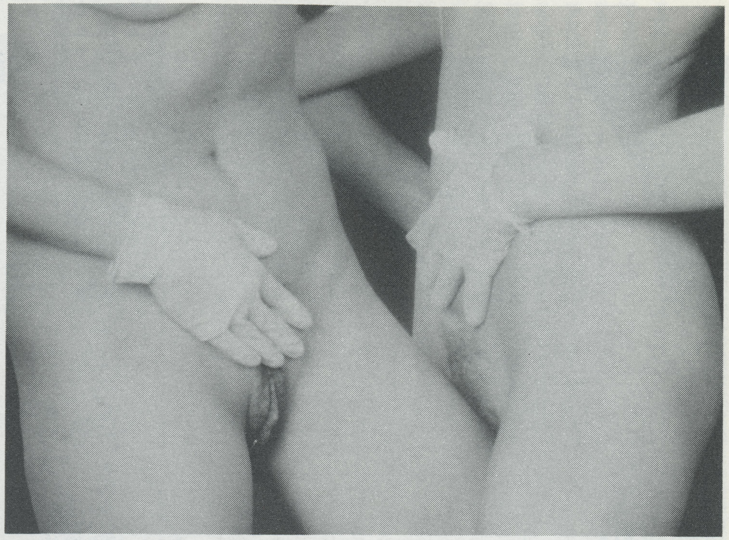
Some women wanted: Better straps for harness so there's no slipping, a toy that sucks, a toy that licks all around, an anal and cunt dildo, a dildo with as much control as hands, a long-handled dildo for women with short arms.

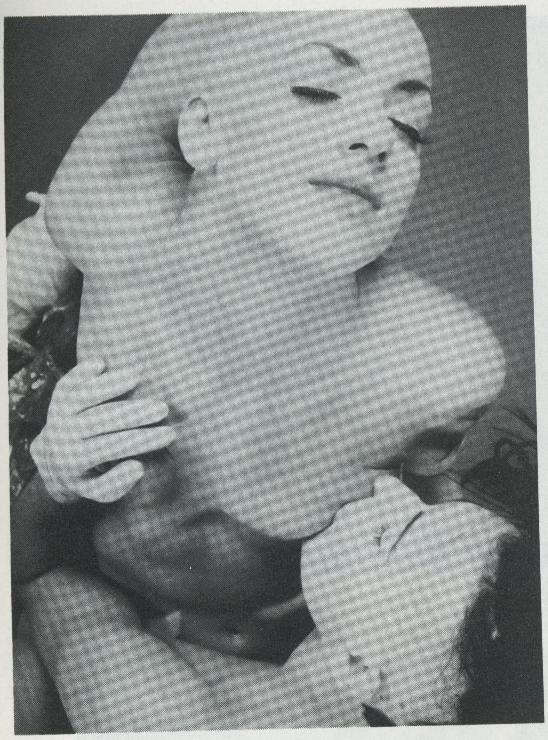
Divah wants a toy that will suck and lick!

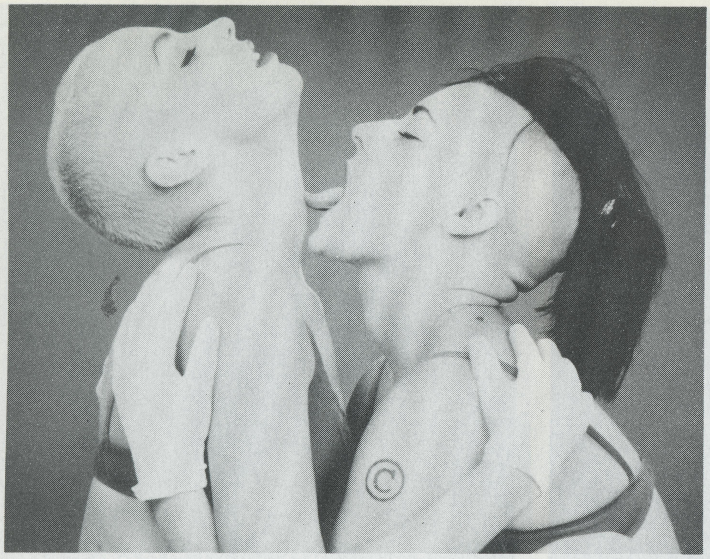


LATEX LUST

Photography by Annie Sprinkle



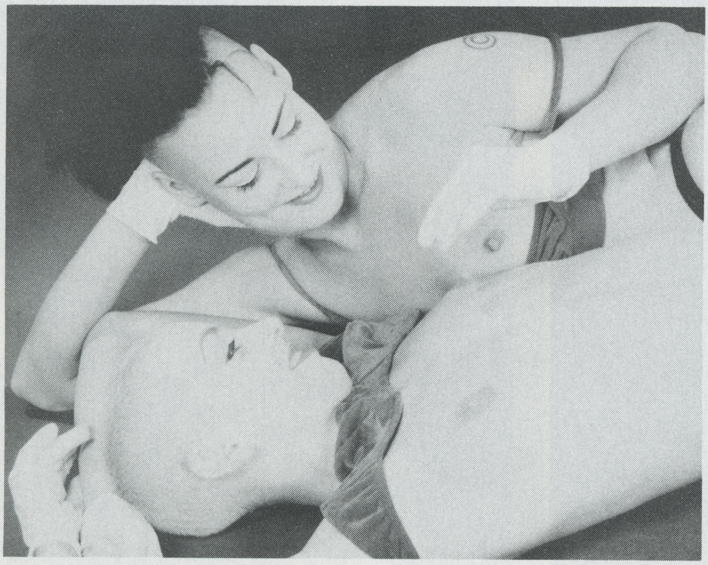




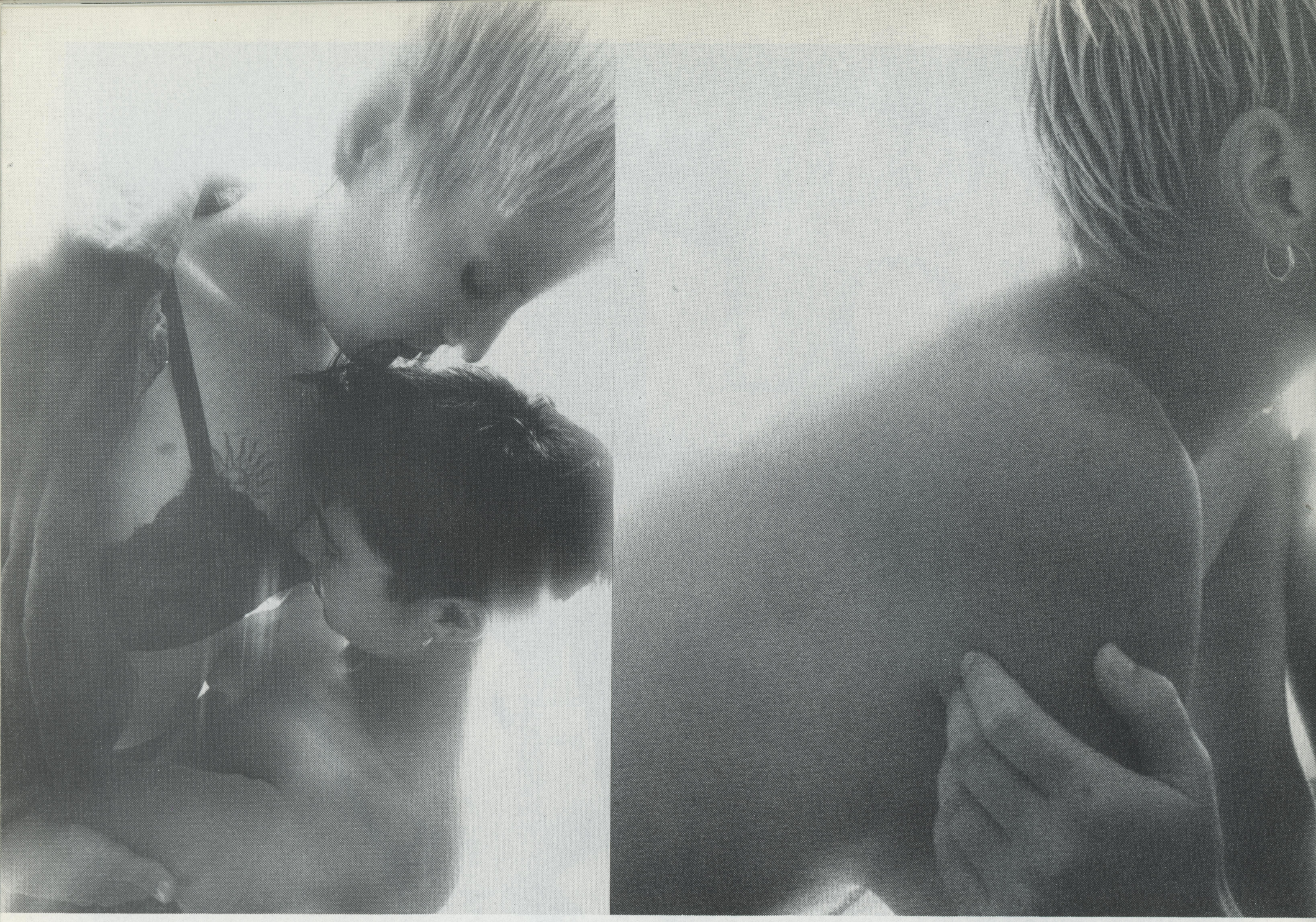
GLOVED LOVE

GLOVED
LOVE

GLOVED
LOVE

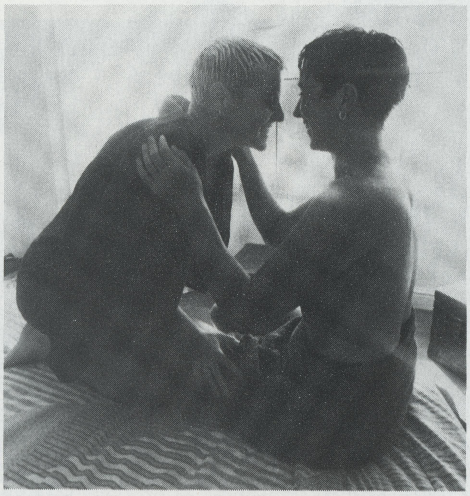


GLOVED
LOVE



Morning Edition

Fiction by Samantha Avery

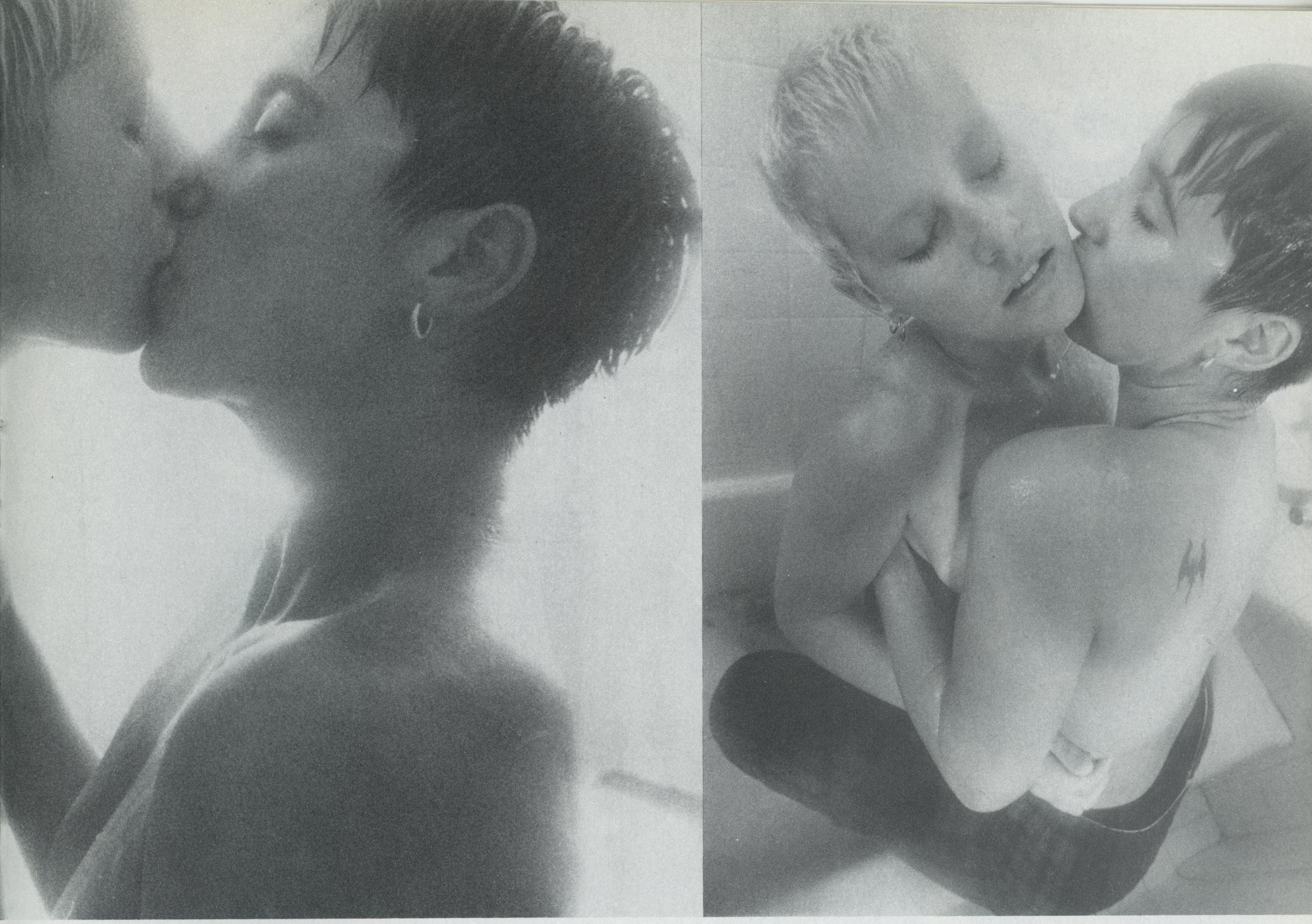


She says it's the sag in the seat of my flannel pajama bottoms that turns her on. Something in the way the material hangs. Something in the way it hides my ass and the clenching of my thighs as I squat to pick up her socks arouses her. So she says.

I am not made for nylon nightgowns, for slinky black lace and spaghetti straps twisting over my shoulders. I am flannel. I am cotton underwear from Sears and sole-stained, calf-length athletic socks bunched around my ankles.

I am square shoulders and a thickening waist, and short brown hair too curly to manage.

When I look in the mirror after my shower I see a teddy bear with a pasty white abdomen swelling above a thick tangle of pubic hair. It doesn't inspire lust in my heart, but then who am



Photos by Phyllis Christopher

I to argue with a beautiful women?

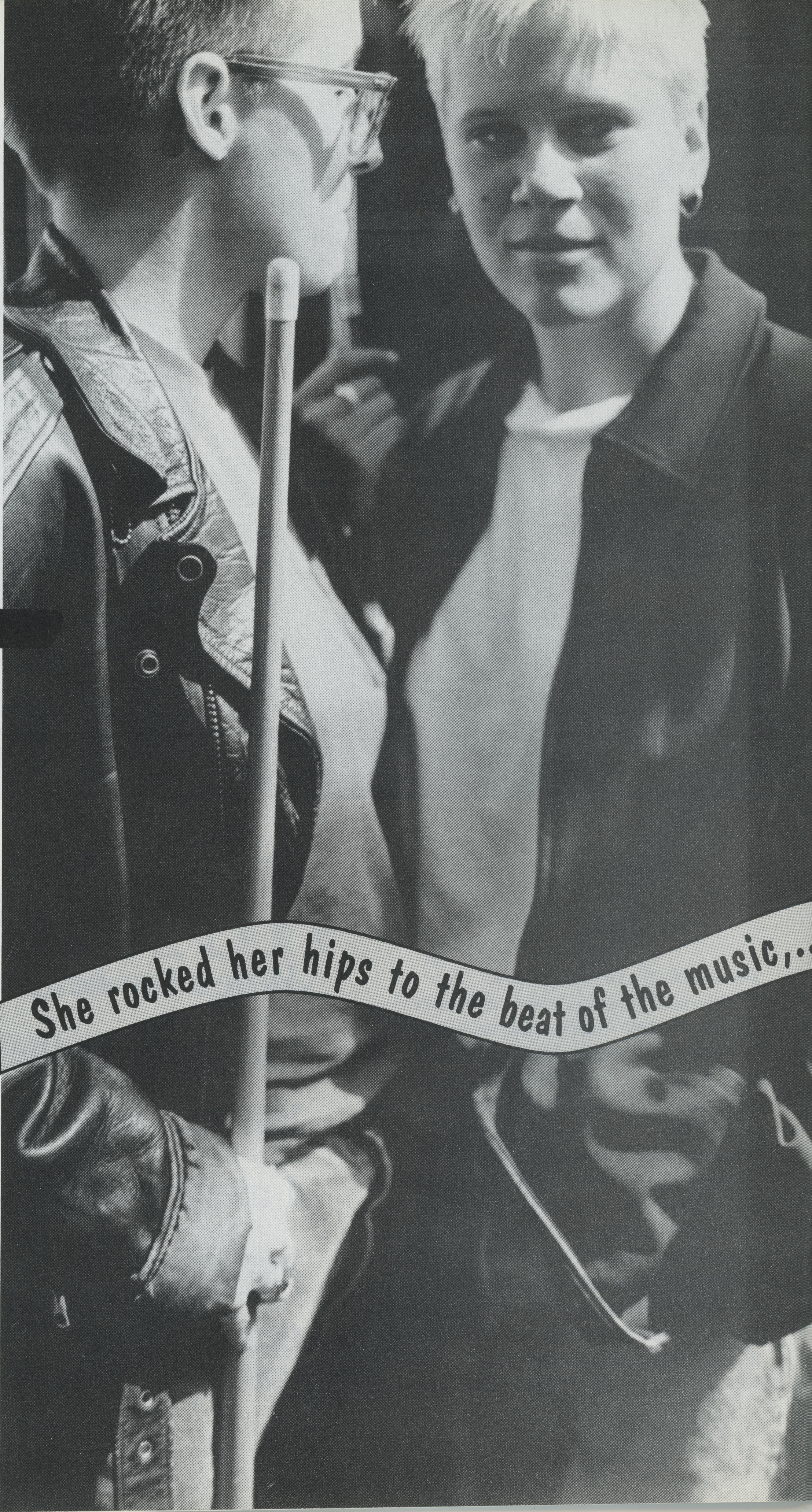
"You're so sexy," Chris mumbles sleepily from beneath the quilt. "Can't you stay home today? Do you have to go in this morning? I mean really?" She yawns. It is 4:00 a.m. and I struggle to throw off a deep sleep as she stretches and writhes under the covers.

She is sunshine beaming through French doors, the Virgin Mary swaddled in flannel. A good ending to a bad story. I sit down on the end of the bed and slide my hand under the sheets, feeling for her ankle, for the slender leg hardening into layered muscle. She has run eight miles a day for most of her life, and her body has forgotten how to jiggle; it has instead learned how to flex, how to flow, how to beat with pleasure beneath my hand.

(continued on page 42)

When the heat of the water in the tub hits my swollen crotch I moan and reach for her breasts, now bumping gently against my face.

The Spoils



She rocked her hips to the beat of the music,...

Fiction by

GINA DELLATTE

I couldn't for the life of me stop staring at her. Every time she fixed her eyes on me, I shivered. Lisa and I had just been introduced to Cyn and her lover, Tess, by a mutual friend. Until this moment, I'd thought that Lisa was exactly what I wanted in a lover. Now I was having some positively hair-raising doubts.

Everyone was heavily engaged in a conversation about S/M. I stood behind Lisa, Cyn behind Tess. As they spoke animatedly, Cyn and I exchanged glances.

"I don't know," Tess said tentatively. "I'm leery of someone who's unable to experience pleasure for pleasure's sake, without pain."

"You're right," Lisa quickly agreed, stroking my arm. "It's too close to brutality for my comfort."

I held my tongue. I wanted to offer an opinion, but Lisa'a disapproving words, and the curious look in Cyn's eyes, pressed me into silence.

"I find the honesty of it—the surrender—fascinating," said Cyn, her voice trailing off, a smile gracing her full lips. I lowered my eyes, feeling her brazen stare upon me. The notion of fidelity was rapidly receding.

"Beer?" I offered Cyn a longneck Bud as we headed for the pool table.

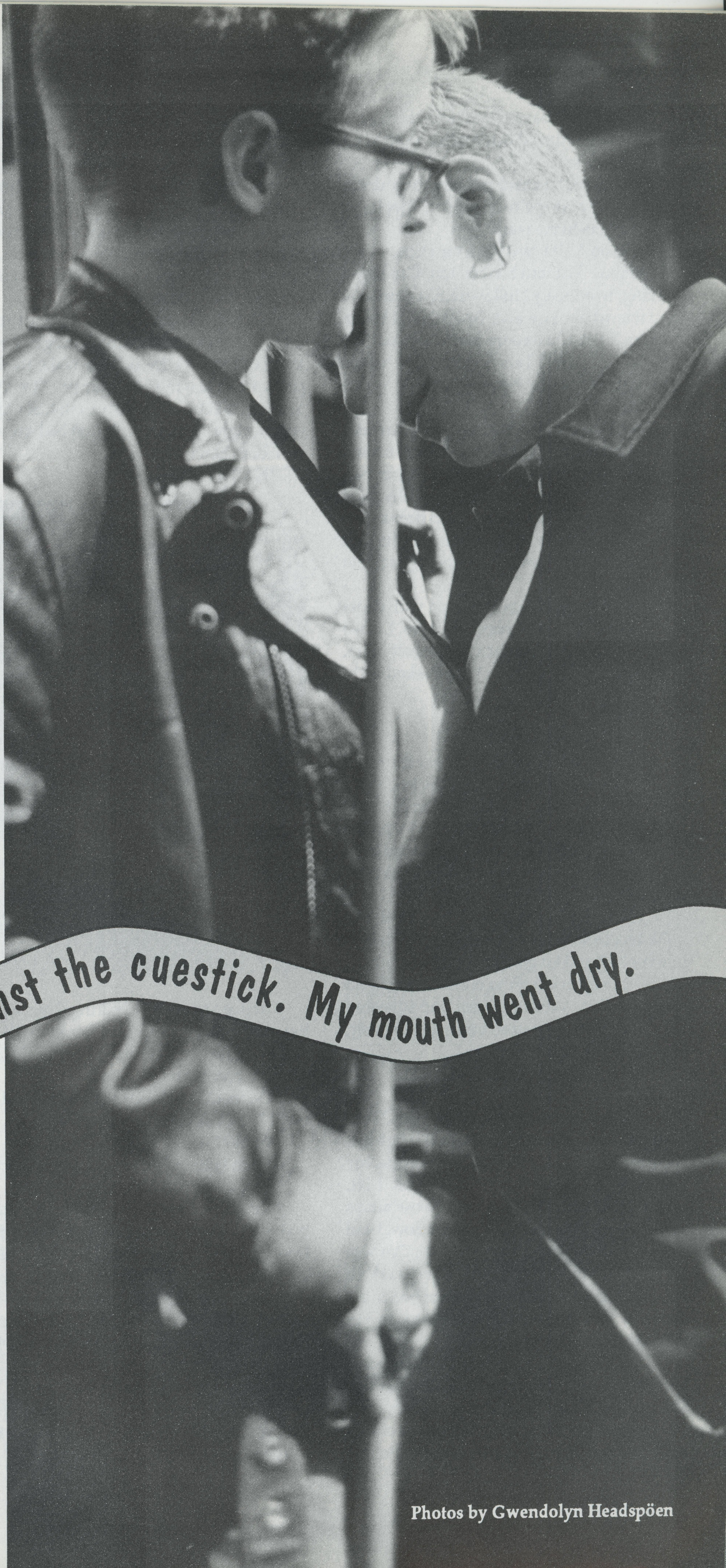
She grinned. "Just what I need." She took a deep swallow, her azure eyes boring into mine, her wet tongue darting from between coral lips to lap errant drops from the side of the bottle. My vaginal muscles contracted with need. I was already soaked; I was in some serious shit now.

.....her crotch rubbing against the cuestick. My mouth went dry.

Lisa and I had been together four years, and I loved her. All along, I had been the picture of the devoted dyke. But I was bored, and beginning to wonder if I could sleep with only Lisa for the next 50 years. The prospect hung like a noose over my head. I was 25 and wanted to be in a relationship, not a cage.

I walked toward the table, chalking the cue, pondering the nine-ball. Cyn put down her beer and adjusted her thin leather tie. Her presence was stronger than all the bodies jammed into Womynworld. I knew she was watching me.

I pocketed three balls before scratching, then tossed the stick to Cyn, who held it to the floor between both palms, legs spread wide. She rocked her hips to the beat of the music, her crotch rubbing against the cuestick. My mouth went dry. I grabbed for her beer and brought it to my lips. ➤



Photos by Gwendolyn Headspöen

"I don't think that'll do it, Kerry," she said quietly.

"Hmm?" We paused to shake hands with our opponents; they'd made quick work of us. "What'd you say?"

"That's wet," she said, pointing to the drink, "but I know what you're thirsty for." Her butch assurance made me weak.

"You do." This was not a question.

"Mmm." Without further ado, Cyn began walking; wordlessly I followed. She paused at the table where Lisa and Tess were gabbing. "Gonna hit the bathroom and check out the loft. Be back soon." Tess nodded. Lisa looked quizzical; I winked at her and hurried to catch up with Cyn.

She hooked a finger in my silver bracelet and led me through the crowd. As we climbed the steps, I watched the muscles in her butt fluidly change shape beneath her pants. I wanted to grab her ass so badly, but was in no position to do so. Surreptitiously I pressed my clit through my pants with my free hand. I was beginning to ache.

The upper level was crammed with dancers. The disco lights bothered my eyes. But we were stuck waiting our turn for the bathroom.

"See anyone you know?" Cyn asked without looking at me.

"Nope."

"Good. Me neither."

Moments later, we bustled into the small bathroom. There was a toilet to the left, and a sink beneath a mirror to the right. The light was a bare overhead bulb which vibrated with the thump of the woofers. Cyn busied herself locking the door. An apprehensive chill raced up my spine.

Cyn put her arms around my waist and pulled me to her. Whimpering, I slid my hands into her hair and tangled it around my fingers, pulling her open mouth to mine. Our tongues wrestled. Cyn grabbed my ass and squeezed hard. Her leg slid between mine; instinctively, I started humping.

"You are so fucking hot," she said.

"For you."

"No. You're just a hot fucking bitch."

Her gravelly voice went right through me. I opened her tie and pulled her shirt aside. My mouth dove for her hardened nipples. I bit, hard, and my nails raked her flesh. Goosebumps surfaced. She was moving with me now, head thrown back. My eyebrows shot up: Cyn was too butch to be giving in...wasn't she? Yet I held her easily in my hands, her back arched like a dancer's, giving me unlimited access to her hard nipples and supple breasts.

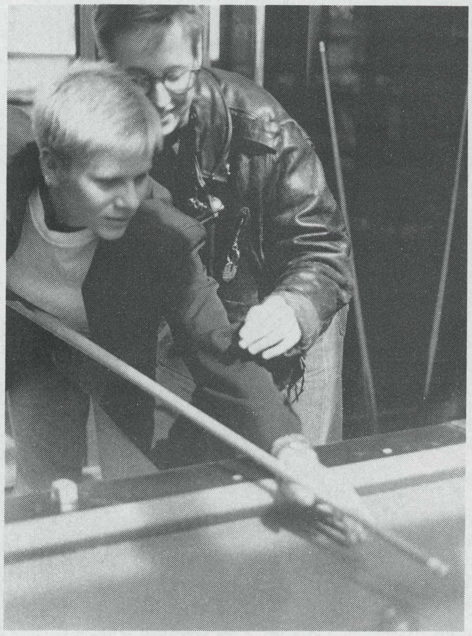
"Don't move," I growled. Cyn started to protest. I dug my thigh harder against her clit. She gasped. "That's better, baby. Don't move."

I tugged her 501's, and the buttons obediently popped open. My knees hit the floor. I held her firmly by the waist. The vee of her jeans slipped between my teeth and I tugged downward. My saliva soaked through the fabric. Eventually I worked them to her knees, women's Jockeys following suit.

My nostrils filled with her steamy aroma. I inhaled deeply, and nearly got dizzy. I looked up and barely saw her pussy before I had my mouth on it. She tasted sharp and sweet, perspiration and cologne mixing with her juices. I licked and sucked ravenously.

When I was sure she wasn't going to move away, I removed my hands, placing one on the small of her back for balance while the other probed her magnificent wetness. The tips of my fingers slipped inside her cunt. She jerked bolt upright in alarm and grabbed my wrist with both hands.

"No! Don't!"



I hopped to my feet, bearing down against her and looking deep into her eyes. "Don't what?" Now that I'd seized control, I wasn't about to give it up.

"Go inside me." Her eyes were hard and cold. "Don't do it."

"Why?"

"I don't like it."

"You will when I'm through.

"Kerry, I said no." I just laughed, a sound that made her squirm. She was trapped between me and the sink. She didn't exactly have a choice, but she fought like a cougar. I managed to hold her tightly against me so that only my hand fit between us. She tried in vain to push me away, crying out for mercy the whole time.

"Shhh," I hissed into her lips.

"You fucking bitch! I can't believe this. I started it. I came on to you. And you got the balls to turn on me?"

"Don't you mean turn you on? Isn't that it, baby?"

I worked my fingers gently up inside her, holding my free hand over her mouth. She was nearly wailing. Her face held an expression of sheer and utter defeat, but her hips didn't miss a beat. Her wetness covered my hand and forearm. The muscles in her cunt were taut as a closed fist. I worked them slowly, alternating with strokes against her swollen clit, until I could fit two, then three fingers inside.

Cyn's tongue snaked through my fingers, so I loosened my grip over her mouth. She pressed her lips against my ear. "Kerry, mmm-ahh, that feels fucking incredible. Do me more."

I penetrated her with quick, hard strokes attuned to her rhythm. The inside of my wrist pressed against her clit while I stroked her. I licked the sweat off her neck, the cleft between her breasts, her upper lip. When she started to moan, approaching orgasm, I yanked out of her.

"Please!" she cried, trying to keep my hand in her. "I'm so close...please."

"Tell me what you want," I whispered.

"Kerry!"

"Tell me or you get nothing."

Lavender flecks sparkled in her eyes. "I want to come. I want you to fuck me." Her chest was heaving. "Please fuck me."

Cyn was moving so swiftly I could hardly stay inside her. I spread her legs wider and slid in most of my hand. Her movements were calculated as if she was afraid of pain, but at the same time frenzied. Her whole body shook violently, and she clung to me, melodic sounds escaping her lips.

She collapsed against me, sighing softly. I kissed the bare areas of her body as I covered them, taking special care arranging her collar and tie. I checked my watch: 20 minutes. Not bad. When I looked up, Cyn was gazing at me. Uh-oh.

"Something on your mind?" I touched her cheek softly.

She smiled. "I got a feeling."

"Oh? What kind of feeling?"

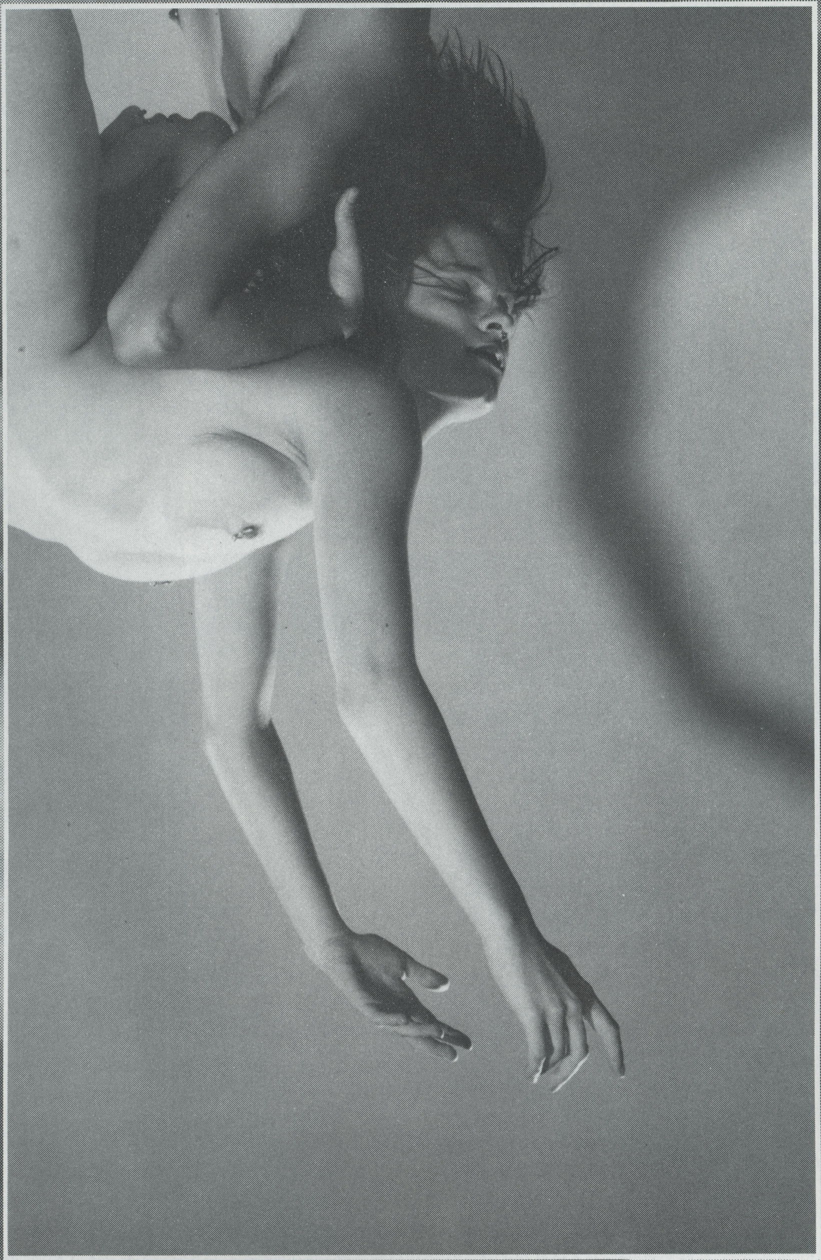
"That this isn't the end for you and me."

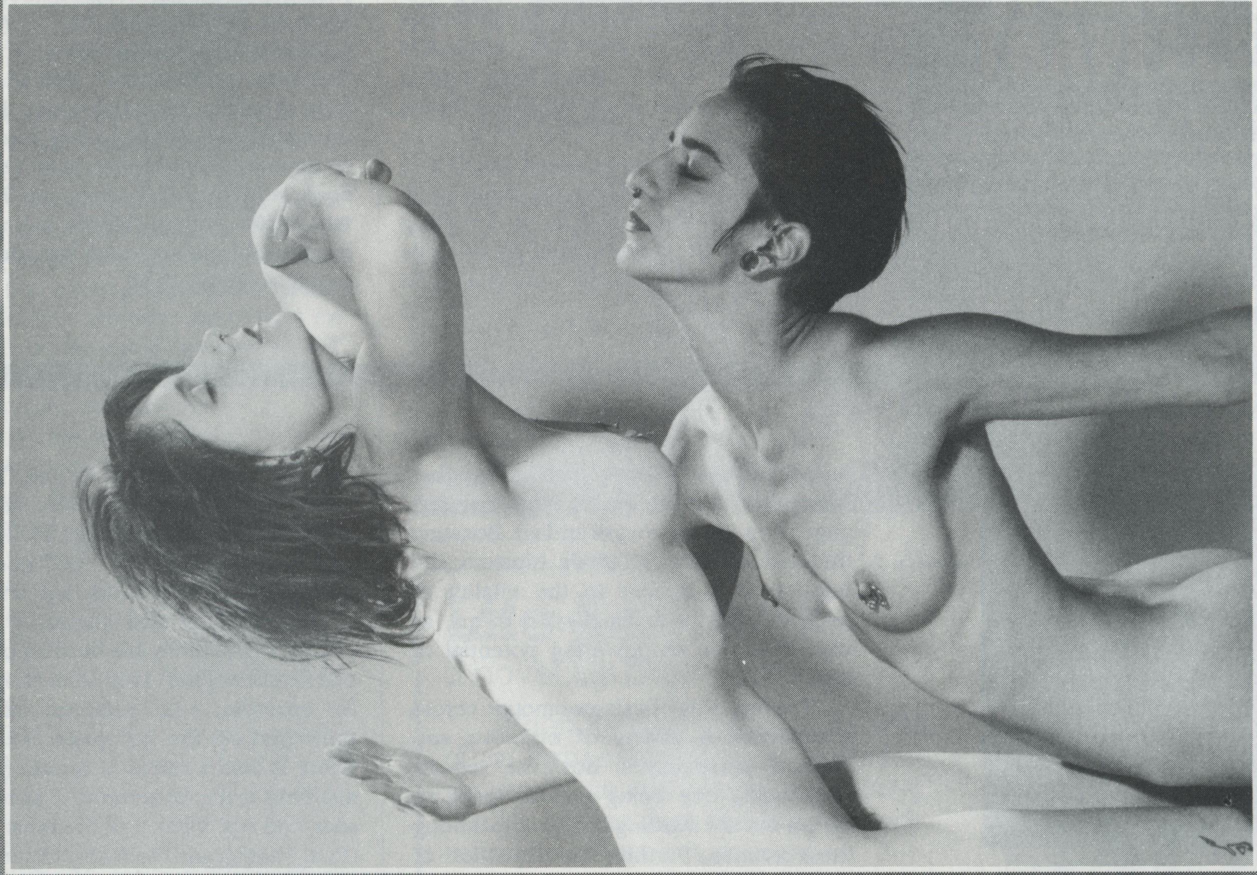
I started out of the room, Cyn trailing behind like an eager puppy, waiting and wanting me to say something. But I couldn't. My head was swimming: I was staggered by her honesty, and by her effect on me. Stopping in the stairwell, I turned and nuzzled against her surreptitiously, rubbing noses. She giggled.

We adjourned to the first floor. A slow Whitney Houston song oozed from the speakers. And there, on the dance floor, were Tess and Lisa, swaying together to the sexy beat, totally oblivious to onlookers.

I raised my eyebrows at Cyn. "From the looks of those two," I said, "I'd say the party's just begun." ∆

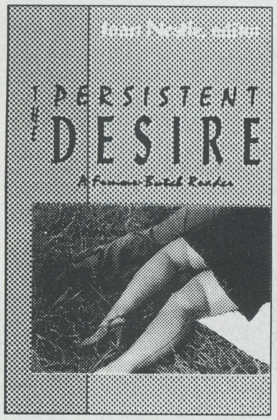
michaela & krister





photos by
kendra
harness

REVIEWS



THE PERSISTENT DESIRE: A BUTCH-FEMME READER

Edited by Joan Nestle
Alyson Publications

Joan Nestle came out as a femme in the 50s and remained so throughout the role-unfriendly 70s. In her new anthology, *The Persistent Desire,* Nestle stays close to her home turf, concentrating on historical material from the 50s, 60s, and 70s.

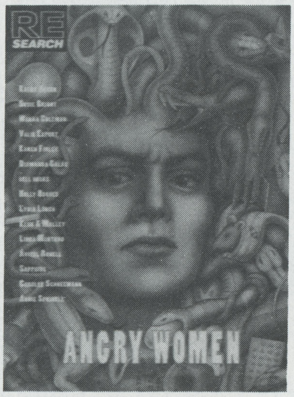
There's some valuable history here: the younger generation should note that sex, and even sex toys, aren't modern inventions. For instance, an author identified only as "Jul" tells about the first time she used a dildo. A baby butch, she's picked up a slightly older femme whose expectations for the evening are clear—she's carrying a dildo in her purse. "I'm trying to be so cool, like I've seen it a million times before and, of course, I know exactly what to do with it...I didn't even know how it was going to get from the bag to my pelvic area [but] knew it was ending up there."

Leslie Feinberg was luckier: her older mentor, "Butch Al" showed her the ropes during a "father to son" talk, while Al's lover, Jackie, explains that: "being a good lover means respecting a femme. It means listening to her body."

It's difficult to write about butch and femme without generalizing or focusing on outward appearance or style, but Feinberg gets to the core of the matter, showing us the intense emotions of a woman who appears to be a "stone" butch.

The femme material is a little disappointing. At their best, the femme writers counter the notion that femmes are less lesbian than their butch or androgynous sisters. At their worst, they concentrate too much on who they are in relation to their lovers, coming off as women who love butches too much rather than as woman respecting and celebrating themselves.

There is, overall, a defensive tone to the book which dates it somewhat. While there may be some anti-role lesbian thought police still kicking around, most of them seem to have moved on. I was disappointed to find nothing about the rise of the "feminine professional" lesbian, the demise of lesbian bars, and where that leaves the traditional, working class butch-femme community chronicled in both Nestle's first book, *A Restricted Country,* and *The Persistent Desire.* Perhaps Nestle will apply her considerable talents and knowledge to a sequel.—*Mindy Spatt*



ANGRY WOMEN

Edited by Andrea Juno and V. Vale
San Francisco: Re/Search Publications, 1991

The anger of women, mythologized in the form of Medusa and the Furies, has traditionally been characterized as a terrifying state—the monstrous and murderous feminine. Re/Search Publications' latest release, *Angry Women,* gathers together interviews with 16 furies who manifest anger through their work and art. Boasting the best of today's female hipsters, the book is a testament to the vitality of feminist politics in its myriad forms, as well as to the empowering potential of rage.

The mapping of a single emotion across a tremendous variety of opinions and political perspectives, however, has its drawbacks, one being the tendency to flatten out the startling differences among these women. Further, the exaltation of irony in the introduction is completely forgotten—the contents are sincerely presented and the questions rarely probe beyond the superficial. The book *also* contains an ***amazingly*** annoying quirk—the use of *italics* for conversational ***emphasis.***

Despite these complaints (and Medusa knows it's difficult to please anyone these politically correct days, let alone a feminist) the book deserves its due. The interviews are fascinating—Kathy Acker talks about tattoos and stripping, Holly Hughes critiques "women's art," bell hooks compares colleges to prisons, and so on.

The book is also intriguing in unexpected ways: there are borders of poisonous flowers drawn around each interview, for example, with botanical information presented on the last page of the book. There is also a series of quotes like, "The anarchist is the observer who sees what he sees and not what it is customary to see" (Paul Valery) and "Learning to speak is like learning to shoot" (Avital Ronell). Both of these gestures seem, on the one hand, pretentious, but they are just enigmatic and inexplicable enough to make the reader question assumptions about traditional presentation and the constraint of propriety. These touches offset a nagging sense that the mythic rage which turned men to stone has been too neatly contained and sold.

—*Holly Willis*

CLOSER TO HOME: BISEXUALITY & FEMINISM

Edited by Elizabeth Reba Weise
Seal Press

As Joan Nestle says, "The movement hasn't even begun to discuss gender yet." *Closer To Home: Bisexuality & Feminism* is one leap in this direction. Provocative questions are raised: Is the gender system, not compulsory heterosexuality, the real basis for women's oppression? Is sexual orientation only a "male secondary sex characteristic" that few women have? Why do women tend to be distributed more evenly on the Kinsey scale spectrum, while men are clumped at either end? Are "political lesbians" (who desire both genders but only act on their attraction for women) the ones causing the les/bi wars? If there's little behavioral difference between lesbians and bisexual women, why are we so stuck on how we name ourselves? Why indeed?

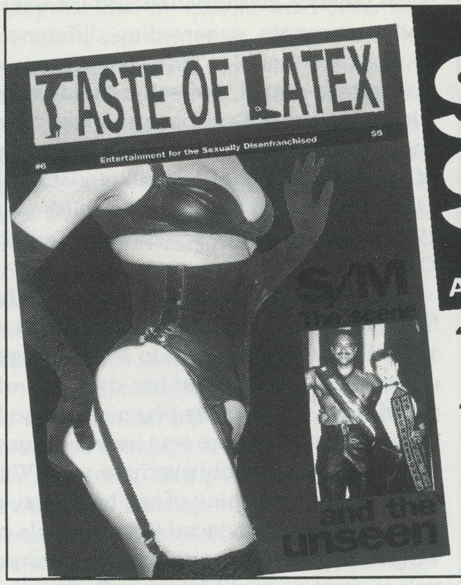
The problem, say these writers, is that lesbian-feminism hasn't transcended the suffocating dualism of our time, something the 23 contributors attempt to do. Bisexual feminists maintain that what they are trying to do is radically alter the way society thinks about gender and sexuality. One contributor criticizes gays' "fight for inclusion under the current restrictive model" rather than "pushing for expanded definitions of human relationships."

Nowhere has the tension between bisexual women and lesbians exploded more dramatically than in Northampton, the New England town that the *National Enquirer* dubbed "Lesbianville USA." Several writers refer to this small community where bitter fights between bisexuals and lesbians have resulted in putting "bi" in, then out, and now back in to the pride march title.

Lacking in this anthology were gender discussions that offered insight into how bisexual feminism informs transgenderal, butch-femme, and S/M identities. Generational awareness was lacking as well—most contributors seemed to be 30 or under. Assumptions about bisexual life in the 70s (we were "all swingers"?!) go unchallenged.

Despite these flaws, *Closer To Home* is essential brain food for the puzzle of how either/or choices of straight/gay behavior leave many of us hungry for better ways to make our minds, hearts and pussies whole.

—Loraine Hutchins

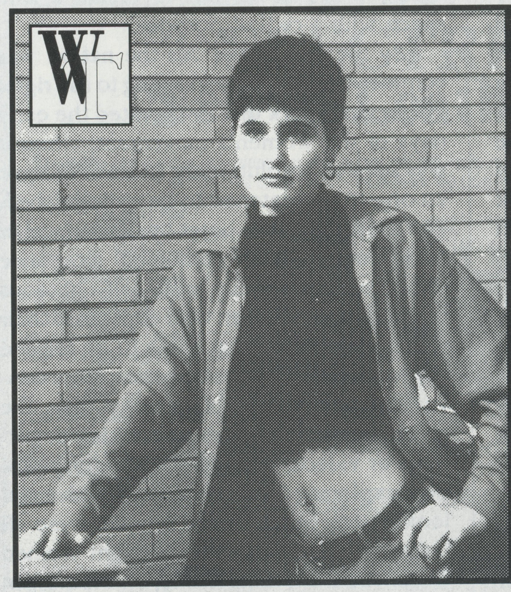

TASTE OF LATEX
Entertainment for the Sexually Disenfranchised
$5
#6
S/M the scene and the unseen

SMART SMUT

All sexual flavors. No apologies.

"Erotica with a rock'n'roll attitude." — R. Kadrey, S.F. Chronicle

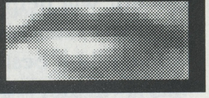
48 glossy pages. Female edited and published. $6 for sample ($7 Canada, $8/foreign). $20 for 4-ish sub ($25/Canada, $30/foreign) plus signed age statement (over 18 only) to **Taste of Latex,** P.O. Box 460122, Dept. OB-2, S.F. CA 94146



WOMEN'S TRAVELLER

The complete travel guide for lesbians, the Women's Traveller features thousands of accurate and in-depth listings, highlighting the growing number of women's accommodations. Includes fifty detailed city maps with tourist overviews and information. All in one user-friendly publication!

Call or write to: 1-800-462-6654
Women's Traveller
P.O. Box 422458
San Francisco CA 94142-2458

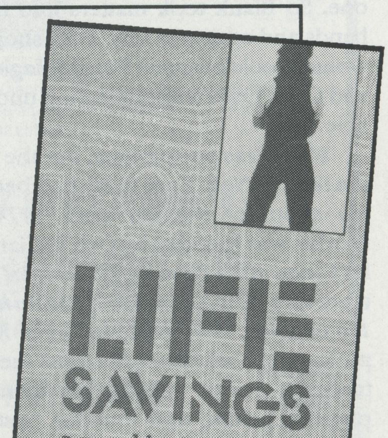


Life Savings
a novel by Linnea Due

When Marcia Lanier joins with other forty-something lesbians to renovate an old house, she doesn't realize at first that she is is risking more than just her money.

But the passionate affair she also begins proves to have its own risks—soon she and her new lover are exploring their limits, in and out of bed.

Available from your bookseller
ISBN 0-933216-89-0—$10.95
spinsters book company



SISTERS DOIN' IT *(from pg 22)*

Eventually I added lubricant, candles, hairbrush handles, and finally zucchini to the ritual. Real lesbians don't use dildos, I learned as I was coming out, but despite this disapproval, my girlfriend and I visited the produce counter with a lascivious eye out for the perfect zucchini.

There was no grown-up toy shop at the local mall. I knew where the adult bookstore was located, but I was no more willing to go there at 21 than I would have been at 15. Those places were scary.

If I had lived in San Francisco, that might have been the year I discovered Good Vibrations, established just so that women like me could shop for sexual products in an atmosphere that bore no resemblance to a dirty book store. Good Vibrations' founder, Joani Blank, was active in the women's health and sexuality movement in the early 70s and worked with groups of preorgasmic women, which were much more common then than they are today.

"There's a lot of power and reassurance in listening to other women's stories about what it means not to be orgasmic," Blank says. "The biggest piece of information these women shared was that not being orgasmic through intercourse or other kinds of insertion was normal. Although the best way for women to learn to have an orgasm is masturbation with a vibrator, many of the women who led groups were vibrator-negative. I wanted to get women past the discomfort they felt touching their clits—a vibrator will help do that."

Blank found that it wasn't enough to tell women their best bet for reaching orgasm was a vibrator—most of them didn't want to set foot in one of "those places" to buy one. So Blank took matters into her own hands and opened a tiny, cosy shop where women could examine Hitachi Magic Wands and Oster Coils without feeling uncomfortable.

Blank was one pioneer, but she was not the first. In New York there had been a sex toy shop for women since 1974: Eve's Garden was founded by Dell Williams, who had been influenced by the women's movement and Wilhelm Reich's *The Function of the Orgasm*. The combination of Reichian philosophy, which emphasizes the importance of sexual release for mental and physical health, and feminist "sisters are doin' it for themselves" wherewithal was potent.

Another influence was Betty Dodson's masturbation-centered approach to sexual satisfaction. Dodson's Bodysex workshops teach vibrator masturbation and increased body awareness, superseding differences of sexual orientation and experience so that female sexual and self-esteem issues take center stage. Dodson introduced "cunt consciousness" to feminism with drawings of vulvas to illustrate her influential book *Liberating Masturbation*, first published in 1974, expanded and reissued as *Sex For One* in 1987.

Dell Williams used a vibrator for the first time at one of Dodson's workshops in 1973. But when she went to Macy's to get a Hitachi Magic Wand of her own, a clerk asked her what she was planning to use it for! Shocked that there was nowhere for a woman to comfortably purchase what Williams had come to think of as a basic sexual appliance, and convinced that the goals of women's liberation would never be served unless women could be sexually autonomous, Williams set out to create a safe space with a radical purpose.

By the end of the 70s the nation was commencing its political swing to the right. The sexual spark that invigorated the early days of the women's movement, when it was seen as revolutionary to learn to have an orgasm, threatened to be extinguished. The movement was beset by the turmoil of "sex wars," which combined ignorance about sexual variety with self-righteous feminist rage. Women who expressed their sexual desires in what came to be termed "male-identified" ways became a more convenient and vulnerable enemy than the great structures of sexism. Looking at pictures or videos, reading pornographic stories, exploring S/M, having sex with men, looking too butch or too femme, were all behaviors or desires that brought women under fire from their sisters, and feminism became embroiled in squabbles about what kinds of sexual expression it was okay to have or to want. While it was still on some women's agendas to explore their sexuality and gain sexual empowerment, conservative forces within feminism, who increasingly joined forces with real conservatives to restrict access to pornography, gained influence in the movement. The result was that women to whom sexual liberation was a feminist tenet felt less and less at home in the movement. Worst of all, this new "fundamentalist feminism" became identified with the women's movement in the media, reducing the likelihood that adventurous young women would find feminism relevant. In the shifting landscape, Eve's Garden and Good Vibrations remained, flagships of sanity in a community beset with controversy over the erotic.

No one back then envisioned that the 80s would see an upsurge of women's interest in, and commitment to, their own sexuality. Thousands of Hitachis, dildos, and Betty Dodson books later, the women's sex shops are not only surviving but thriving. New ones have popped up in other areas of the country, catering to women's different sexual interests, though not all stores that are woman-owned focus primarily on women's sexuality. Best of all, these stores do mail order, giving lonely country gals like I once was access to the information and technology that can let them see stars or even change their lives. And in some parts of the country women can have sex toy parties at home, inviting their friends over to browse the wares. This not only gives women who don't live near a shop access to toys, it's also a great way to help make sex an accepted topic of conversation in your social circle.

"My bottom-line intention in starting Eve's Garden was to empower women," says Dell Williams. "Sex is the vibration that causes all the creativity and growth in the universe. Women won't revolt against their conditions without it."

A four-line classified ad in *Ms.* magazine to get the business off and running read, "Liberating vibrators and other pleasurable things for women from feminist-owned Eve's Garden." Women from all over the country responded; Williams sent them a four-page mail-order catalog.

"I started with the Prelude 3 vibrator—that was the only one that came with a booklet describing how to use it sexually—the Hitachi Magic Wand, Betty's book *Liberating Masturbation*, and *For Yourself* {Lonnie Barbach's book about becoming orgasmic}." So began "one woman's mission—waking up all the Sleeping Beauties to take charge of their own sexuality."

In a quiet boutique that is an oasis of calm above the hurried New York streets surrounding Carnegie Hall, Eve's Garden still, as its catalog promises, "grows pleasurable things for women." The store carries books and magazines, videos by women, sexual products, gift items, and, of course, toys—from Hitachi Magic Wands ("The Cadillac of vibrators") to the new Dr. Ruth-endorsed Eroscillator. (It "oscillates," not vibrates—electric toothbrush fans will understand.) Their stock of dildos comes mainly from the New York-based Scorpio, the pioneer in silicone products, and Eve's very own newly designed line. Scorpio is headed by a married couple; their wares, the first silicone dildos, were developed by a man who had been rendered paraplegic in an accident.

While the shop looks as squeaky clean

as any New Age-influenced feminist book store—sex toys are displayed in pretty baskets, not garishly-lit glass cases—a gal could go away with a shopping bag laden with *Macho Sluts*, *The Lesbian S/M Safety Manual*, silky Cathy's Cuffs restraints, a bottle of lube, and a dildo—all set for many nasty nights. Williams insists that the shop is for all women, and her presentation of lesbian S/M literature underscores her commitment to accessibility: *Macho Sluts* "defies a machismo culture that violates women, and...dares to explore S/M fantasies that will either excite you, or cause your pubic hairs to stand on end!" With that charming warning has many an Eve's Garden catalog browser been introduced into the wild world of Pat Califia.

Eve's Garden is also a feminist bookstore, evident on the shelf that holds the Goddess books. From Merlin Stone to Starhawk, Williams offers books aimed at restoring women's pre-Christian heritage.

"I think women's desire for Goddess religion has to do with wanting to regain sexual power," says Williams, who carries the books even though few talk about sexuality *per se*.

Many women do seem to find in witchcraft and other forms of Goddess-worship a sense of female power; sex is incorporated into Goddess religion as a sacrament, and some witches practice sexual rituals that honor the body. Many of us, searching for a way to overcome the sexual guilt and fear instilled by puritanical religions strive to remember—or even invent—a time when sex-negative, misogynistic religions held no power. Goddess and Wiccan religions honor women; for some of us, that may be a prerequisite to sexual comfort.

Addressing sexuality directly, on the other hand, is one of the requirements for a book to make it into The Sexuality Library, Good Vibrations' collection of erotic literature and educational volumes. No relationship-oriented pop psychology that sidesteps the sexual is allowed on the shelves. The books must also provide accurate information and be non-sexist and non-homophobic. Toys are selected the same way.

"We decide to carry items based on whether they're functional sex toys we know people can get off on," says Cathy Winks, who's spent six years behind the Good Vibrations counter, several of them as store manager.

Good Vibrations has grown from its original tiny shop, moving into new quarters in 1989, and has recently outgrown its space yet again. Now an employee-owned business with over 20 workers, the company decided to split its mail-order department and corporate offices from the retail shop, moving them to a new building, so the store itself can expand. Soon the shop, which is airy and open but packed wall-to-wall on weekends, will be almost twice as big, allowing for more elbow room when a customer wants some private time to ruminate over the vibrators. Events such as readings and workshops will also be able to accommodate more participants, and the store will be able to stock more new items.

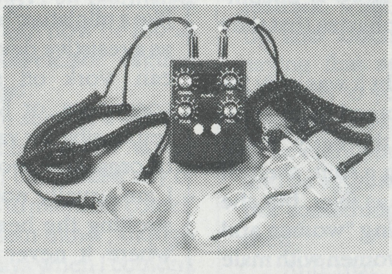
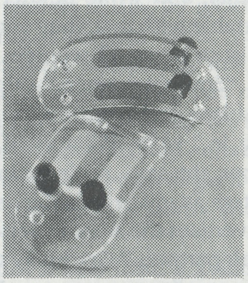
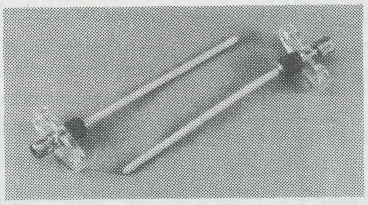
Joani Blank is still very much involved in the business, but she has successfully practiced democratic management from the beginning, finally leading her to share ownership. Existing employees were offered the option of buying into the company for a nominal sum; those who chose not to do so stayed on as employees.

"How will things be different when we're worker-owned?" Blank asked herself, and the answer was, "They won't; the workers' commitment will just be more reflected in the realities of the business."

Social responsibility wasn't Blank's only motivation in proposing a change in Good Vibrations' structure. "It's also a feminist thing," she says. "For a long time I've felt that women in business have tried to do as well or better at a man's game. It's important to me to do business *not* as usual. Women's consciousness makes me function differently as a business person."

Blank spends part of each year on the road introducing the business to the public; each time she appears on a talk show the phones start ringing off the hook. She is not simply tooting the store's horn, however, but educating the public.

"The myth dies hard that women don't

ELECTRIC FUN!!
New at LeatherMasters!!

Caution!!! The basic rule in electrical play is that the two leads must be arranged so there is no current running through the chest cavity. Simplified: **NO CONTACTS ABOVE THE WAIST!!!**

Pleasure Box
LM is proud to announce our new high-tech 2-channel pulsed signal generator. Can be used with up to 4 attachments (2 or 4 on one person or 2 each on 2 people), instant kill switches, & LED indicator lights to see the pulse. Has receptor socket for AC adapter or use w/9-volt alkaline battery. 2 intensity controls. Includes 2 sets of leads for attachments. Absolute pleasure!! Full 30-day Warranty.
Pleasure Box w/2 lead sets **$199.95**

Electro Plate
A concave oval of lexan with 2 electrode strips. Designed to stimulate the lips of the vagina, also works well anywhere on the body (below the waist, of course!)
Electro Plate **$59.95**

Sparkler
A short length of conductive rubber (approx. 6'' long by 1/8'' diam). Can be used in any moist opening below the waist. Caution! This one delivers quite a jolt!
Sparkler **$37.95**

Vaginal Plug
Measures 5'' x 1½'' diam. w/approx. 5'' base with 3 conductive surfaces, two 2'' strips at the base and the third covering the rounded tip. Base opening allows access to the clitoris.
Vaginal Plug **$149.95**

Send for our new Catalog $4

Custom Leather / Lingerie / Latex
LEATHER & LACE!!
Pleasure Toys and Lotions • Come in and See!!

Leather Masters

EROTIC BODY PIERCING

VISA MasterCard DISCOVER

(408) 293-7660
FAX (408) 293-7685

969 Park Ave San Jose 95126

usually get their maximum sexual pleasure from vaginal stimulation," she says. "It still amazes me in this day and age that we have to do this much 'clitoris education'."

As the store has grown, says Winks, its customer demographics have shifted. "We probably have a higher percentage of lesbian and bisexually-identified staff today than is reflected in our customer base," she says, but feels that the sexual orientation of either clerk or shopper is not especially relevant—the store's mission is to provide access to everyone. In a culture that would like to separate and evaluate people according to gender and sexuality, this is a radical step.

"Selling a dildo and harness to a lesbian couple is really the same as selling one to a heterosexual couple," says Winks. "We have to talk them through the same sorts of issues—gender identity and the importance of fantasy." Lesbians are shocked by sharing the dildo-and-harness-corner with het couples. Winks says playfully, "It's okay—the guys are just here to get fucked up the ass."

Both Good Vibrations and Eve's Garden are often viewed as lesbian environments, and while neither store is uncomfortable with that, they emphasize that they exist to serve all women.

"Straight women thought it was only for lesbians and were discouraged from coming in," says Williams of the early years. Now, she says, she's seeing a shift; she still caters as much to lesbians as ever, but she advertises the store as serving "women and their partners." Gradually women with male partners "got courageous." Men can shop at Eve's Garden with their female partners and can come to the store unaccompanied only on weekday afternoons.

Winks suspects that "any time you say woman-owned and sexuality in the same sentence, people leap to the conclusion that it's lesbian, which is kind of interesting."

Perhaps influenced more by San Francisco-style gender-mixing and sexual freedom, Good Vibrations emphasizes that it was founded to give women access to sexual materials, but that it welcomes men who appreciate its sex-positive, sunny attitude.

"I guess the only way people can get past their assumptions is by getting the nerve to come in," says Winks. "It's a learning experience all around."

This is true even for the clerks. I, for instance, always assumed that men actually liked those adult bookstore-type places. It shatters sexual stereotypes to see men who are grateful for our "clean, well-lighted place," and women who are disappointed to discover that we look so tame.

What's new under the sun? Willa Cather's assertion that "there are only a few stories that have ever been told" applies equally to the world of sex toys, where true innovation is rare. Probably the last big invention was the electric vibrator, but only the electricity was truly new: Cleopatra reportedly kept bees in a papyrus box that vibrated when held to her clit; 19th century "hysteria doctors" used steam-powered vibes to entice women into their offices; and Good Vibrations displays a completely manual vibrator from the turn of the century that looks like a cross between an egg-beater and a wooden doorknob. The complete Vibrator Museum includes dozens of "muscle stimulants" and "beauty patters" of all kinds; the wide array of instruments is enough to make you wonder whether Grandma might have had a vibrator of her own. And, of course, women have worn—and used by hand—dildos for millennia.

Still, there's always room for improvement, or at least innovation. My favorite new toy has got to be the Kegelcisor vaginal barbell, a weighty, chrome-plated dildo-with-a-purpose that really does look like a miniature barbell. Using the Kegelcisor as a resistive device in the vagina, a woman can work on strengthening her pubococcygeus, or Kegel, muscles, which are responsible for vaginal flexibility and strength of orgasm. I should hasten to confess that I am usually not doing my exercises, but stroking the heavy metal over my g-spot, where it never fails to give me intense orgasms and wet, briny ejaculations.

Another innovation can be found at Ann Grogan's sex boutique Romantasy, in San Francisco's upscale Marina district, which offers the "Sybian" for sale or rent. The Sybian is an expensive toy consisting of a saddle with a vibrating, rotating dildo attached to the seat. Each renter gets her own dildo, so she can be assured she isn't sliding onto some stranger's used toy. She can control the speed and intensity of the dildo's vibration and rotation. Riding the range with My Friend Flicka was never like this!

The world of dildos changed for the better with the advent of silicone, a space-age material that warms up with body heat and can be molded into a vast array of shapes, sizes and styles. Besides the Eve's Garden exclusives, Dills for Does and Lickerish, Ltd. products are manufactured by women; Scorpio has a husband-wife team at the helm. What makes female-produced silicone special, says Winks, is that "these are people who are really using their products, as opposed to the adult toy manufacturers. When they see that a dildo might slip through the ring of a harness, they do something about it—Dills for Does just introduced the Slip Not to deal with that. Even Scorpio dildos were developed for the inventor and his wife to use themselves."

A representative from Dills for Does noted that when they first introduced their product in the mid-80s, the time was right in more ways than one. Silicone is an especially good material for toy-sharing in the age of AIDS, because it's much easier to clean than other materials; undoubtedly the upsurge of interest in sex toys has had something to do with the fact that masturbation is safe sex. In addition, toys have become more acceptable to women than they were in the 70s. "It was not correct," says the Dills for Does rep, "to talk about your vibrator; it was a man-made thing plugged into nuclear power. But it helps advance women," she continues, "that other women are making sex toys. It gives women an opportunity for exploration beyond the limits of men's imaginations. Fantasy needs to go beyond male anatomy."

She hopes that Dills for Does' fanciful designs will ease performance anxiety by helping partners be a little less serious about their play. The wide array of shapes, sizes and textures were created to acknowledge that "We're not all the same size with the same needs."

What do lesbians buy at the sex toy shops? "Vibrators, dildos, harnesses, lubricant, erotic reading material," report Williams and Winks.

"We probably have more lesbian erotic books than any other kind," says Williams. This isn't surprising, considering that heterosexual women's erotic literature has been slow to catch up with the boom of lesbian sex writing. Williams reports that the buying habits of her lesbian customers greatly influenced her Venus Rising dildos, which are curvy and stylized and do not resemble penises.

"My desire to produce dildos that aren't so phallic-looking was for lesbians. Aside from the politics, they are so unaesthetic. It isn't necessary for dildos to look like disembodied cocks."

Staff in both shops, though, notice that some lesbians make a beeline for the phallic dildos. Blank originally didn't want to carry realistic dildos at Good Vibrations, but when the shop began stocking them she found that they sold.

"There are devotees of both {phallic and non-realistic} among women of all sexual orientations," she says. "Straight women don't all like the dick-looking ones." (Perhaps I should add that a male dildo-buyer's orientation isn't always evident from the style he chooses, either!)

Though Good Vibes shoppers still cart off their wares in bags imprinted with the words "Plain Brown Wrapper," gone are the days when Blank kept dildos in a "plain brown cabinet."

"Customers," says Blank, "wouldn't get to see the dildos unless they asked, 'Don't you have anything else?'"

Good Vibrations now carries a line of very realistic-looking dildos which can be strapped on with Stormy Leather's newly-designed Jewel Harness to give a gal a persuasive-looking cock and balls. Stormy Leather responded to the complaint that the wearable vibrators produced by the adult industry were of poor quality by designing a leather g-string pocket which will carry a vibrator in exactly the right place. Stormy's harnesses have been perennial best-sellers at Good Vibrations since their introduction, and are also available from Stormy, along with a wide range of leather wear and S/M toys, by mail order.

Lesbians were the first to avail themselves of sex toy shops. "They're in the forefront," says Williams. "They're the vanguard. Even when a lesbian isn't political she's political—declaring her independence is a real radical shift."

Says Winks, "Any woman with a vibrator in her hand is in the vanguard in increasing women's sexual knowledge." "Particularly if she's holding it in the right spot!" adds Blank.

Stores like Eve's Garden and Good Vibrations have facilitated that vanguard even when other feminist businesses have shied away from sexually explicit material. Both stores' personnel agree that the expanding availability of women's, especially lesbian, erotic material has influenced what they carry, and that by making it available, they in turn encourage more to be produced. This erotic bounty "is part of the times, but we were kind of a catalyst, giving everybody permission, helping create a more playful attitude," says Williams.

"Good Vibrations' biggest role is as a normalizing force for sex and a wide variety of sexual practices," says Winks. "The most notable thing we've done is to try and demystify sex, which can only make people more comfortable. In turn there's been an outpouring of interest in sex in the lesbian community."

Blank notes the effect of gay men's sexuality on women as well. In fact, most of the gay male porn that Good Vibrations carries is purchased by women.

My ancient vibrator is long since gone—sold at a garage sale to one of my friends. I hope it's still buzzing noisily and making her howl with glee. Like Dell Williams, I graduated to a Magic Wand after taking Betty Dodson's workshop. I've graduated from zucchinis, too, and can now be found likely as not with a Kegelcisor vaginal barbell in my cunt instead.

Why should a woman shop at a sex toy store instead of the produce market? As one of my exes used to say, "I don't need any of those store-bought things to make me come!"

Well, I don't need them either, though I remember acutely the days when I couldn't come unless I had an outlet next to my bed. Many women count on store-bought toys for their orgasms, and I say, thank the Goddess for those stores!

But I don't think we go to grown-up toy shops to fix something that's broken; I think we go to celebrate our sexual selves. We go to be reminded that sex is so important it's worth taking a shopping trip for, and that's true not only in our lives, but in other people's as well. I love the look on a woman's face when she creeps into Good Vibrations like a mouse, thinking she'll be the only one in there, and finds an atmosphere reminiscent of a house party on Gay Pride Day. I love Dell Williams' assertion in the Eve's Garden catalog that sex is good for you. In a culture that would like to separate us and deny our sexualities—all of them, but especially women's—the women's sex shops are reassuring and revolutionary.

"How great it is when people come from out of town," says Winks. "It's such a mutually pleasurable experience to provide resources they can't get in their home towns and to feel their incredible level of appreciation.

It's not the zucchini or the dildo, or whether you got it from the Farmer's Market or the shelf at Good Vibrations that matters. What matters is that by picking it up and touching it to your labia, you're saying that sex isn't something that just happens to you, but something you make happen. Or, as Joani Blank says, "It's okay to be enthusiastic about sex and enhance it and be aggressive about going to get it—it's not something reserved for horny straight men."

And that, not a kiss from a prince, is what awakens Sleeping Beauty. Δ

Here's How to Find The Sisters & Do It For Yourself!

Eve's Garden
119 West 57th St., Suite 420, New York, NY 10019.
Phone (212) 757-8651. Catalog available for $3.00.
Mail order phone (800) 848-3837.

Good Vibrations
1210 Valencia St., San Francisco, Ca 94110. Phone (415) 974-8980. Catalogs available: $4.00 for Good Vibrations (toys and products), $4.00 for The Sexuality Library (books and videos), or $5.00 for both. Catalogs available from Good Vibrations, 938 Howard St., San Francisco, CA 94103. Mail order phone (415) 974-8990.

Stormy Leather
1158 Howard St., San Francisco, CA 94103. Phone (415) 626-1672. Catalog available for $2.00. Mail order phone (415) 626-1837.

Romantasy
199 Moulton St., San Francisco, CA 94123. Phone (415) 673-3137.

MORNING EDITION *(from page 29)*

"How 'bout some coffee?' I ask, ignoring her question for the moment. She moans. I tug at her ankle as I pull my hand out from under the sheets. The warmth of her body clings to me as I walk into the kitchen.

"Got a newspaper to get out, two interviews today," I lie. I lie because I know the paper will go out with or without me. It is too easy to replace tired journalists who don't show up for their beat. Coffee mugs in hand, I pad back into the bedroom.

"They won't miss you just this one morning," she teases. She is right. And that is what bothers me. They won't miss me.

I hand her a coffee mug and set my cup on the nightstand. I sit down on the bed, this time snuggling up along her hip.

"Can't you transfer to another shift?" she drawls, struggling to sit up without spilling her coffee. The thick green flannel sheets drop into her lap. Her breasts swing free. Heavy. Soft and inviting.

"It's a morning edition. If I worked the night shift we wouldn't ever see each other," I remind her, staring distractedly at her breasts as the nipples harden in the chill morning air. She raises her coffee cup with two hands, like a small child, elbows tucked into her sides, hair falling, a visible brown coffee moustache clinging to her upper lip.

"Shave me," she commands. I lean over, pulling her close to me, and gently lick the moist moustache off her lip. I hesitate, smelling her waking-up smell over the faint aroma of coffee. Mingled with her fading soap, new sweat, and last night's lovemaking is the distinct funk of an aroused woman.

"You're hot."

"You do have a nose for news, don't you?" she teases. "Maybe you should investigate further. Verify some suspicions. Examine the evidence." Her throat has tensed, her voice thick with promise.

"Wanna do lunch?" I counter, taking the cup from her hand and setting it on the nightstand.

"You mean breakfast," she says coyly, slipping her tongue into my mouth. The bedsprings protest as I fall back, pulling her on top of me. I moan once before noticing the time.

"After deadline," I promise, feeling a hot flush of desire creep up my neck and down my crotch. "Squeeee, Squeee," she laughs, imitating the familiar creak of the bed when we make love. Now she's awake.

Sleepy sensuality has given way to the caffeine charged tenor of her working voice. It is a voice that will issue orders, make requests, delegate and mediate later, but for now she is using it to seduce. She issues her first command.

"Wash my back. We both have to shower anyway. Wash my back," she repeats, leading the way into the bathroom.

I'm not one to argue with the Chief of Police. Well, the Deputy Chief. I follow her into the bathroom.

"So, what are you doing today?" I ask. As she leans over the tub to turn on he water she brushes against the ivy trailing from the window ledge. "Wait," I caution, reaching to brush the vine away before she knocks it off the ledge.

Mistake number one. I'm within the envelope of body heat, funk, arousal, and perfume swirling around her. I know the shower will not be a short one.

"I've got meetings all day. A press conference at noon," she murmurs as she reaches for the elastic band of my flannel pajamas.

"The usual bullshit?" I ask innocently, feebly, as her hand slides under the waistband.

"No. One of my officers is charging two others with sodomy. He says they used a patrol car while on duty to relieve themselves of certain sexual tensions and he wants some kind of disciplinary action taken against them. The press got hold of it somehow," she sighs, looking disapprovingly at me, but not overly concerned with police work at the moment.

"Well, did they?" I ask.

"Be at the press conference, my dear," she says, burying her tongue in my ear.

"I promise I won't say anything," I swear, crossing my heart with a grand sweeping motion. "I'm in features, remember? I write stories about little old ladies who win recipe contests. I'm just curious. Off the record," I promise as she gently bites my neck.

"Curious?" she asks. She thrusts one hip into my crotch as she pulls at the string tie holding my pants up.

"Well, yeah," I start to stutter. "The idea is kind of a turn-on. You know. Two officers, maybe in the back of a patrol car, getting all hot and sweaty. All turned on." I breathe heavily into her ear. She has untied my pajamas and starts to unbutton my top.

"So, back doors interest you," she says, tugging at my pants. I go weak in the knees. My pajamas are in a heap on the floor. Sears' best cotton coverups are next. She slides the elastic band down over my hips,

Photo: Charles Gatewood

Feel Your Passion
For Professional
Body Piercing

Gauntlet Inc.

Since 1975
Jewelry for Exotic Piercings
Professional Piercing Services
Publications & Videos

Spectacular New Color Catalog Now Available!

Mail Order
1201 Old County Road, Unit 3 •Belmont CA 94002 •(415) 592-9715 or FAX your order to (415) 592-1986 •Catalog $5.00 (refundable with jewelry purchase) & signed statement of age 21+ (CA & NY residents add sales tax) Write now!
Retail & Piercing Stores (proof of age over 18 required for piercing)
8720½ Santa Monica Blvd. (enter on Huntley Dr.) •West Hollywood CA 90069 •(310) 657-6677
2377 Market Street (at Castro Street) •San Francisco CA 94114 •(415) 431-3133
144 Fifth Avenue, Second Floor (at 19th Street) •New York NY 10011 •(212) 229-0180

to my thighs, and past my knees in slow motion. It briefly occurs to me that I am going to be late for work.

She is such a turn-on. Once she touches me, any possibility of getting information about the two cops is lost. Dropping to her knees she slides her hands up my thighs, massaging them, stroking them. She turns to adjust the water, now steaming from the faucet, then runs her wet hands up my buttocks. As she grasps and strokes I clench and tense. She pushes and pulls at my thighs, brushing her hair against my stomach as she pulls me closer. I unconsciously spread my legs, feeling her face brush my hip, her tongue already flicking at my crotch, seeking out my clit. I moan. The water in the tub thunders and splashes as I begin to pump my hips towards her face.

She finds my wetness. Her tongue and thumb slide inside, rocking back and forth against me as she matches the rhythm of my gyrating hips. With her other hand she reaches around my thighs, spreading my cheeks to tease and stroke the other hole that grasps and clenches, begging for attention. Suddenly she is inside and her fingers caress me, probing my ass, fingering me the way I finger new flannel.

The bathroom is full of steam; I can't tell if the beads of sweat rolling down my breasts are from passion or condensation.

"In the tub," Chris commands huskily. I don't need to be persuaded, merely released from the strong grip between my legs. I don't feel as much as sense her slide out of me. I'm too wet, too excited, too unfulfilled. When the heat of the water in the tub hits my swollen crotch I moan and reach for her breasts, now bumping gently against my face. I go limp. She is totally in charge. Adjusting the hot water once more she reaches for the shower massage wand clipped in its stand. A soapy hand is already lathering my belly.

"Spread your legs." I spread 'em—what else can you do when a cop tells you that? I also pull my knees wide and up toward my chest as she begins to lower the massage head into the water. The pulsing heat and swirling water lick their way toward my ass. In spite of the heat I shiver.

"You're right," Chris suddenly laughs. "It is a hot idea. But those cops never did it."

I'm just this side of a major orgasm. "Never did...what?" I moan.

"The sodomy thing. It was a setup." I clench my fists in her hair, pulling her toward my shuddering body. Timing is everything, she always says. Today hers was right on—except for the cops commentary.

"What do you mean, a setup?" I ask, numb and unmoving in the rapidly cooling water.

"Well, the two officers, Jackson and Thompson, are gay." She leans over to spray the last of the dying suds off my shoulders. "And I think the cop that's fingering them is gay too." She pulls the plug in the tub for emphasis.

"Nice choice of words," I comment wryly.

"Thanks, but seriously, I'm worried. I'd like to keep it out of the papers as much as possible. If I knew for a fact that this guy Polk, the one who's accusing my other officers, was gay, then I think we could get to the bottom of the problem."

"You really do have a way with words," I grin, flashing my ass at her as I stand up. Chris laughs and spanks my wet cheek as I step out of the water.

"I think he's trying to take some kind of heat off himself. I just don't know what kind of heat."

I thought about what she had said. Thought about my contacts on the street. Thought about getting a good story to make up for being late to work.

"Listen, I'm late. See you for lunch?" I asked, hollering over the rush of the shower she just turned on.

"OK. The Lunchbucket. How about 1:30?" she called back.

"Right," I agreed, reaching for a towel. At least I'd dress in peace.

Chris was still in the shower when the apartment door slammed shut behind me. I still needed a good story, but I also needed to know the reason Polk was pressing charges against two gay cops. There

FETISH VIDEOS

Spanking, Fem-Dom, Bondage, Shaving, etc... Send $5.00 (refunded with first order) for photo illustrated catalog. State age and sign order.

RedBoard Video
P.O. Box 2069 - OB
San Francisco CA 94126

Leather Tongue Video

queer zines

$1.99 Movies
M & W before 5

comix ∞ books

Now Renting
Monika Treut's VIRGIN MACHINE

∞ magazines ∞ lesbian videos ∞ 714 Valencia ∞ 552 - 2900 ∞

was one way to get both. That way had a name—Lisa.

Lisa was heading out of her office in the back of the bar when I waved at her. The bar had closed well over two hours ago, but she was still going over paperwork and talking to the bartenders.

"I really need a favor, Lisa," I sighed.

She smiled. "What's it worth to you?"

"My undying love?" I bartered.

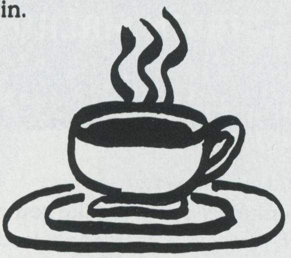
"I don't do flannel," she grinned. "But tell me what you want and we'll see what we can work out."

Well, what we worked out was my doing a feature story on the bar in exchange for Polk's boyfriend's name and number.

Ten minutes before Chris even got to work I was feeding coins into the pay phone on the corner. Once I had Chris on the phone I could tell her what Lisa had told me. It only took Chris half an hour to confront Polk and get him to confess that he'd accused the other officers of having sex in their patrol car in order to take the heat off recent suspicions that he himself was gay.

Figuring that out made Chris look good. It made a far better story than the feature on Lisa's bar, but my editor wouldn't let me write it.

"This is a small town morning edition paper," he said slowly, patiently, as though speaking to a child. "People don't want to read that sort of stuff over breakfast." He did admit it was a good story and wished he could use it. He also warned me not to be late again.



"Geez, you're sexy in flannel," Chris frowns, tugging at my sleeve. She rolls over to light the candles on the nightstand. The pajamas are still stiff, new from the package. They were sort of a thank you present for the work I'd done.

"They just aren't hanging right," she sighs. "Why don't you let me take them off."

"Button by button?" I grin.

"Button by button," she agrees. "And then maybe we'll repeat this morning's little encounter in the bathroom. Without the conversation," she adds.

"Well, all right. But we've got to get to sleep early," I protest weakly. "After all, I've got a paper to get out in the morning." Δ

QUEER CULTURE *(from page 11)*

Catwoman in the comics and in the TV series has mostly looked resolutely heterosexual as she openly flirts with and taunts Batman and Robin for their lack of virility. Tim Burton, the director of *Batman Returns,* is largely responsible for transforming a bitchy feline into an angry femme with attitude and really sharp claws. In the film, Catwoman rescues a would-be rape victim, kills her boss, and transforms her bachelorette apartment into a funky pussy pad. Furthermore, she plays at seducing Batman but ultimately rejects him, choosing independence and sexual autonomy over mutual masked masturbation, or whatever caped crusaders do together in the privacy of their bat/cat caves.

Batman and Catwoman ultimately go their separate ways, and this, of course, is as it should be: Catwoman has her pussy to feed and, as a nocturnal beast, a nightlife to attend to. Batman has to go home and clean his leather outfits—he also has so much video equipment in his cave that one wouldn't be surprised if he curls up with a good porn video for the evening, possibly *Holy Bat Orifices: Batman Does Robin,* or *Hung Superheroes: The Untold Story,* or even *Batman's Boy Wonders.*

Now, I realize that your average filmgoer (if such a person exists, which I seriously doubt) might not read *Batman Returns* as a queer film. I know that most reviewers were not assessing Batman and Catwoman in terms of an S/M dynamic; I know they did not spend hours trying to figure out who was the top and who was the bottom. I doubt whether most people thought safe sex when they saw Catwoman slip into her makeshift rubber sheath, and I am sure that parents are not sending their kids to the movie because it is a positive depiction of Queer America. For those people, there is the plot about good versus evil, the technical wizardry of the Batmobile, and, of course, the Penguin character—although I have to say that I thought his whole persona could be summarized as anal—but don't get me started.

For everyone else, *Batman Returns* is perverted, whimsical, and naughty, antiromantic, Gothic, titillating, and utterly queer-affirmative. If only because there is a nation of angry and vengeful penguins living below the streets of Gotham, this movie asks the viewer to look a little beyond the surface. Finally, if you really believe that a penguin can rally other penguins to threaten law and order, how hard can it be to believe that Batman and Catwoman are queer and flaunting it? Δ

SEXPOINT *(from page 15)*

The intimate games, soft and romantic, are intended for partners. Their primary characteristics are communication of sexy memories and fantasies, and various forms of touching. The point, no matter what the box cover might say about romance and communication, is a glorious night of sex.

Among lesbians, An Enchanted Evening is perhaps the most popular of the intimate games, probably because it virtually eliminates stereotypes and gender, avoiding male/female cliches and referring to the "partner." To start, each player writes a description of her "enchanted evening"; the winner will be rewarded with its enactment. Players follow the lead of cards drawn from a pile. "Communication" cards generally request that you relate a romantic memory shared by your partner, or a fantasy revolving around a specific topic. "Touchy" cards direct you to touch your partner in certain ways and places. Lest you think things are getting raunchy, though, there's no down-and-dirty stuff here. In fact, the only problem with Enchanted Evening is its unrelenting sentimentality. The box and game board set the tone with a soft-focus photo of chocolates, raspberries, and roses. The game's stated objective is "To spend a wonderful time together sharing the beauty and warmth that relationships offer" (uh-uh, we know better). And some of the cards! "Love can be a candle in the dark. Your partner lights up your iife in many ways. How do you think you get your partner to glow?" Oh pleeease!

However, before you write off this game, I must add that I've played Enchanted Evening and wound up in bed. I drew the card "You are your partner's literary agent. How would you "pitch" his/her biography to *Playboy/Playgirl* magazine?" Beginning with each facet of her body and ending with steamy explicit details of her sexual prowess, I recited a bio that would have had the straight girls reading *Playgirl* leaping over the fence to get at her—and had *her* leaping over the table to get at *me* long before the conclusion of the game. I'd prefer the game to be more graphic, but many may like this softcore approach. If you do, or can add your own creative touches, you can have a very pleasant evening indeed.

The most recent addition to the intimate game scene is The Fantasy Role-Playing Card Game For Couples. Far more blatant about its object, this is the most hardcore of the intimate games. Genderless sketches graphically depict sexual acts, and references are always to "lover." There are casting cards and role cards with colorful characters such as a pirate, sex therapist, model, preacher, and sultan. Script cards determine the actions of your characters, ranging from ten-minute massages and erotic posing to light bondage, spanking, and dominance/submission, all enacted while in the assigned character roles. I once won a hand with the princess (star) and the servant (co-star) role cards and a script card which read "The co-star's wrists are tied above the head. The star, using a feather, tickles the co-star's erogenous zones, starting with the face and neck, slowly down to the feet. The lips are used next, following the same path. Finally the fingers are used to tickle, probe and playfully pinch as they slowly proceed downward." We proceeded downward right to the floor! I mustn't forget to mention the politician, the prostitute and the hotel room. I'm saving that one for election night.

For all this fun, there is a price to be paid by the politically correct or perpetually offended. There are direct references to the joining of male and female genitals (I think most of us know how to handle that one) and role cards such as prisoner, hostage, and young boy/girl. The key is in the title—Fantasy. If yours involve any sort of power play, or if you wish they did, this is your game. If not, return to An Enchanted Evening, do not pass go, and do not collect $200.

From the same minds and sentiments as Enchanted Evening, Getting To Know You Better is geared toward couples just getting to know one another. I have only one comment: if you have the time or desire to play a board game during the first six months of a relationship, perhaps you should consider moving on.

If you're serious about planning an entire evening or could use some assistance in the romantic zone, try How to Host a Romantic Evening. Although much of the advice is common sense, the game does remind us that little details can make all the difference. Don't bother with Romantic Journey or Romantic Liaison—they're basically bad copycats of Enchanted Evening.

These games are meant only for couples. Perhaps Fantasy Role-Playing could be expanded for sex party purposes, but even that would take logistical acrobatics. The others are simply too mushy to play with anyone but your most intimate companion. It is appalling that there are no modern-day counterparts to Strip Poker—no games to challenge the mind, fuel the competitive spirit, expose the body, and raise the temperature of a group intending to romp together. For now we'll have to stick to Strip Poker, videos, and adult party games in which we're likely to remain fully clothed.

The adult party game by which all others are measured is Dirty Pictures. If you've ever played Pictionary, you've got the picture. If you haven't, the rules are simple enough: one teammate sketches a word or phrase while the other attempts to guess what her rendering represents. The best aspects of Dirty Pictures are the images that people use to express sexual remarks, and the "all-plays," during which all teams participate. Imagine four insane lesbians attempting to draw their conception of intercourse, while their four insane partners yell every possible word for sex except intercourse— it can become quite outrageous. We once played this game with two gay friends, poolside, shouting obscenities. *Warning*: we were at a gay resort. Don't try this at Holiday Inn.

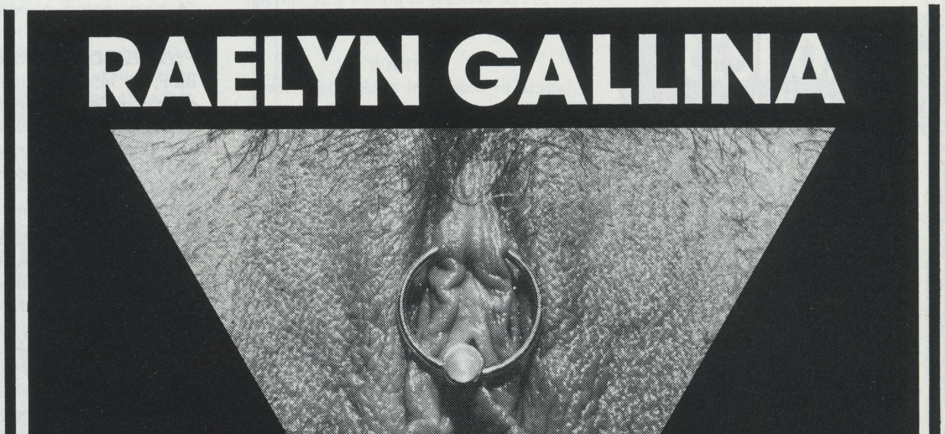
TDC produces a slew of dirty party games. Falsies combines sexual trivia with the "bluffing" of Poker or Scruples. The rules are easy to learn, for those times when concentration is low, and there's not a lot of paraphernalia, so take it on your next camping trip.

Sexual Secrets requires more creativity; however, it relies almost exclusively on outdated gender and sex stereotypes. Dirty Minds has a cute premise but is generally inane, potentially offensive, and neither difficult nor original enough to stay interesting for long. Pass on these two until TDC revamps them into this century.

My personal favorite is Studs. Based on the television show of the same name, its sole purpose is to stroke the male ego, but what better setting for this than a butch bachelor party celebrating the butch macho bent? I along with two other femmes was recently asked to don my best "bimbo" attire and attend such a party as a game participant. By the time the game was over, the butches in attendance were randy enough to spit fire.

Whether it's a dirty party or intimate couple game, the key to success is the setting. Arranging the atmosphere is as much a part of the game as the play itself. How about a game of Studs for the birthday of your favorite butch? If you're planning a holiday party, try Falsies or Dirty Pictures, adding some appropriately dirty holiday clues. Or for that quiet Christmas Eve at home, try one big box filled with a bunch of smaller boxes, to be unwrapped one by one, very slowly, and used with Fantasy Role-Playing. Some suggested props are body powder, feathers, honey, whipped cream, body oil, soft ropes, a scarf—and don't forget the pirate hat.

Let the games begin! Δ



RAELYN GALLINA

UNIQUE
Sterling, 18 karat gold &
gemstone designs

EXPERIENCED
Friendly & personalized
service since 1982

Total Body Piercing & Custom Jewelry
Call (415) 655-2855 For Appointment
NOW AT STORMY LEATHER EVERY SATURDAY, 12PM to 5PM
Send $2 for brochure: P.O. Box 20034, Oakland, CA 94620

ON OUR BACKS

Sapphone

Call Her Right Now!

1-900-288-8002

From your touch-tone phone. 99¢ per minute • 18 and older

HOW TO GET A SAPPHONE AD

Placing an ad in On Our Backs is FREE for Sapphone Advertisers.

To use your Sapphone only costs 99¢ a minute. You will leave a greeting then receive responses from women nationwide. Just fill out the order form below and mail to On Our Backs, or call 800-845-4617 and get a Sapphone talkbox today!

Sapphone Personal Ad Form • Ad deadline November 30, 1992

Headline (4 words max)

Ad copy (35 word limit)

Name

Address

City/State/Zip

Signature

Phone #

SAPPHONE IS A LESBIAN LINE ONLY.
NO MESSAGES FROM MEN WILL BE APPROVED.
Ads including personal phone numbers and addresses WILL NOT BE APPROVED.
18 years or older only.

CHOOSE A CATEGORY

☐ BUTCH/FEMME
☐ "S/M" ACTIVITIES
☐ BULLETIN BOARD
☐ TRANSSEXUAL/ BISEXUAL WOMEN
☐ ROMANCE/ RELATIONSHIP
☐ WILL TRAVEL/CORRESPONDENCE

☐ **I WANT TO BE SEEN:** Enclosed is my picture and $15.
(Include S.A.S.E. to have photo returned)

MAIL FORWARDING: For our advertisers that cannot use 900 service we offer mail forwarding for a $20 service charge.

☐ **I CANNOT USE 900 SERVICE:** Enclosed is my $20 check or M.O.

MAIL TO: On Our Backs, 526 Castro St., San Francisco CA 94114

BUTCH / FEMME

GW BUTCH 41

Seeks loving, tender femme who enjoys looking sexy and is a total woman. Must love outdoors and candlelight dinners. If you're femme anything goes. No drugs and alchoholics. Will pamper and spoil you.
✍ 910

ARE YOU BUTCH ENOUGH?

Short, curvaceous femme, 32, seeks butch who can take me & be taken. I've always wanted to do it on a motorcycle. Interested? Motorcycle optional. ☎ 1385

NEW ENGLAND COP

GF, 25, is bored, bored, bored with tree huggers. Vacationers welcome. No alcohol, drugs, politics please. You, me, my bike, the ocean & a rack of good tunes. 10-3? 10-4. ☎ 1346

HORNY NYC BABY BUTCH

Hungers for lustful slave in NYC area only for erotic no strings day play. A sense of humor & great imagination adds to the heat. Are you woman enough? You won't be sorry. ☎ 1374

SEATTLE BUTCH SEEKS FEMME

Strikingly gorgeous butch seeks beautiful lipstick femme to spoil & love in return for her desire to possess me. Yes Ma'am, your pleasure is mine. ☎ 1369

TRANSSEXUAL / BISEXUAL

CHICAGO BI-BABY NEEDS YOU!

BiBF, 28, 145 lbs, voluptuous, femme in open marraige looking for k.d. lang type to romance me. Has to love NPR, PBS, and SEX. Hubby has "something" to do Saturday nights—wanna keep me company? ☎ 1014

CLASSY & ELEGANT BISEXUAL

Happy and professional East Bay white 40 year old seeking similar secure 30-45 year old for friendship and possible relationship. I love femininity, heels, lingerie, the beach, and subtle elegance; have a wide variety of interests. ✍ 909

BISEXUAL DESIRES SENSUAL FEMME

Tall, attractive, educated, in the East Bay seeks friendship & sensual relationship with another of same interests between 35-45 years. I enjoy fine wine & food, elegant lingerie, casual talk, swimming & the beach. ☎ 1009

DO YOU WANT TO BE SEEN?

Enclose $15 and a snapshot
•
of yourself (Face shot only)
•
and we'll put it with your ad.

"S/M" ACTIVITIES

FANTASIES CAN COME TRUE

At least we can have fun trying. I know there must be some bottom out there looking for a wild, yet loving top. If you know what you want, I want to give it to you! ☎ 1061

SMART MOUTH/BEAUTIFUL LIPS

NYC submissive-slim and 35-seeks playmate to hold me down and drive me wild. No strings attached. Be attractive and hot. ☎ 1060

TEACHER WANTED

To show me the ropes, the ins & outs, as it were of B/F, B/D, S/M ad infinitum! Theatrical Bi wants hands on training. Anticipating lots of homework. Be 45 or younger, knowledgable, and communicative. Knowledge is Life. ☎ 1059

WE TAKE S/M SERIOUSLY

Lesbian couple—switchable, into Mistress/slave roles & the usual...whipping, chains, hot wax, fisting—looking for a community of like-minded women for playing, conversation, & socializing. We're especially interested in planning S/M fantasy weekends. NY. ☎ 1050

INSATIABLE SELECTIVE SEATTLE SLUT

Seeks big bad top to train this cute badassed submissive. Literacy, attractiveness, endearing required. Prove to me I should kneel before you and my will is yours. Correspondence welcome, marraige not required. ☎ 1058

TALL, BLONDE, KINKY

Spend a weekend in my secluded MD playroom. Spend the rest of your life masturbating to the memory. Cigarettes, booze, warped humor—Great! Politics & whining—Bullshit! ✍ 915

BLACK TOP SEEKS SASSY FEMME

Black lesbian, 33, attractive, androgynous/butch, mostly top seeks black sassy femme bottom for occasional hot, raunchy sex &/or regular companion for local clubs & events. ☎ 1344

KINKY SUBMISSIVE LOVES PAIN

Kinky bisexual bottom needs dominant female(s) for very hot, nasty erotic correspondence. Meetings possible. I'm real. Share your fantasies and experiences and let's create a few of our own. Boston area. ☎ 1055

DOMINANT SEDUCTRESS

Tall, blonde, voluptuous Mistress, 30yrs, seeks submissive slut for strict slave training. I am beautiful, cruel and demanding. Surrender yourself to this sexy bitch Goddess. All humble pleas and neophytes considered. Phoenix, Az. ☎ 1056

BODY WORSHIP

Command me to satisfy you, while I remain a virgin. I get down on my knees for flannel shirts, boxer shorts, construction boots. Verbal abuse &/or water sports a plus. Your photo gets my response Ma'am. ✍ 905

GOLDEN REALITY

Bay Area dyke wants to connect with lesbians sporting yellow hankies nationwide. Want to do more than just dream about getting drenched by wild women? Let's connect and make it a reality! ☎ 1053

To place your ad by phone call 1.800.845.4617

CLOSET FEMME SEEKS MASTER
(Daddy, teacher, lover et. al.) For long overdue release from self imposed prison, and exploration of life-long secret fantasies! I am a 35 year old woman, currently residing in a south suburb of Chicago. And, I would like very much to meet a HOT "take charge dyke", who knows who she is and what she wants. If you think you have the insight to see past my tomboyish tendencies to the "lady" that longs to be freed... the strength and determination to "break my spirit," and to mold me into the woman of your dreams... the patience and understanding to teach me to surrender myself to you wholly and completely... If you are secure enough to be tender & loving, yet strong enough to be "firm"... Then you are the woman I have dreamed of for the last 15 years! Please write soon and release me from this vanilla hell! A picture and a phone number guarantees a return call. ✍ 906

THOROUGHLY TWISTED
Enough to take any butch in hand. Not the domination you'd expect, but more, perhaps, than you've hoped. Dark-haired NY top wants to test her will on you. ☎ 1033

DADDY SEEKS WIFE
Daddy butch with penchant for punishment, humiliation and gender play seeks submissive femme for counterpart. Romantic monogamy preferred over casual dalliances L.A.-based. ☎ 1234

MIAMI GIRL NEEDS TOP
Novice willing to submit to the basics—bondage, bad words, spanking, power play... ☎ 1051

BLONDES PREFERRED
Ex-dominant, top, now submissive slave seeks Goddess to adore, worship, and make the rules. Be under 37 and attractive and feminine. Know what you want, when you want it and you'll have my undivided attention. ☎ 1026

SAN DIEGO/LA AREA
GWF 37 femme, submissive, seeks patient, firm teacher for initiation into S/M. Train me to be your fantasy. I want to worship you. Physical attractiveness, intelligence, strength, discretion a must. Hurt me, please. ☎ 1032

WILL TRAVEL / CORRESPOND

PEN PAL DOWN UNDER
Do you read fiction and have a sense of humor? Professional writer, 30s, shy femme, would be charmed to exchange letters with you. Perhaps we could also meet on my annual visits to your country. ✍ 911 *(postage 95c)*

HELLO?
Anyone out there with a passion for movies, music, or books? Scandinavian film student, 26, soft butch, intelligent, stable, witty, & not bad looking would love to hear from dykes with humor & brains. *(postage to Sweden is 95c)* ✍ 900

ROMANCE / RELATIONSHIP

ANARCHIST TOP
& youth liberationist. This ad also fits S/M and correspondence. Called in 91? Call now. Love P&T (power & trust)—so much more accurate than Marquis & Leopold. But could live on vanilla with the right sister. ☎ 1351

MNPLS/ST. PAUL
WL, 37 very shy attractive femme to capture my lonely heart. Seeks responsible, mature, clean/tidy, athletic financially secure for long term relationship. Non-smoker a must. Lt. drinker ok. ☎ 1335

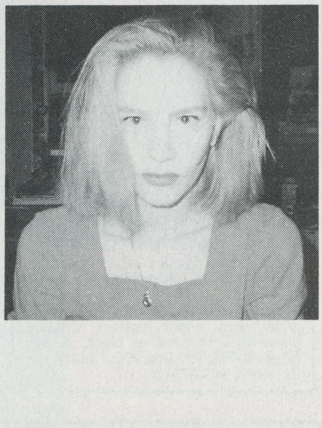
HELP WANTED
East Coast hedonist & writer of lesbian erotica desires adventurous uninhibited telephone mistress to inspire next literary creation. Prefer well-educated, articulate, witty moral degenerate. Please call today—my publisher is waiting. ☎ 1347

COUNTRY FEMME...
Looking for chivalrous urban gal to love & pamper. We will go slow til you're ready. I'll tell you when you're ready. ☎ 1349

EAST COAST ROMANCE
26 yr old passionate, brown eyed NJ resident not thoroughly informed on Butch or Femme but I know what I like. Looking for that special someone to share everything from a moonlit beach to a bite of a juicy peach. ☎ 1348

BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAIN TOP
Seeks woman with brains, good looks, financially & emotionally secure—must love nature, passion & humor. Will do almost anything with or for the right woman. Have a dolphin tattoo, show me yours, I'll show you mine. ☎ 1343

SARCASTIC CYNIC
Northern NJ, Red hair/lipstick, 30, femme. Want androgynous/femme. Good: cigarettes, tall, funny, smart, above-average looks, unpretentious. Bad: drugs/drink, p.c. rules, stereotypes, snobs. Must love Howard Stern and Madonna. No racists. Photo essential. ✍ 903



LOOKING FOR LOVE
Seeking a large butch black lesbian to be my teacher—I'll be your student. You must be patient and kind with a sense of humor. I'm a shy 33 GWF with a smile. ☎ 1342

SEXY SOUTHWESTERN SWITCH
Explicit language excite you? Tall, educated lesbian bottom/switch seeks warm heart & flaming bed. Friendships, fantasy play. Telephone fun, meeting if agreeable. Very attentive to right woman. Expressively sensual, seeking same. ☎ 1340

DEAF BUT SEXY
26, sensuous femme, deaf but as good at kissing as at reading lips, seeks soft butches, femme bottoms, just sexy women to share time, candlelit baths and more. Photo required. ✍ 907

GWF 44 SEEKS SAME
Dominant femme strange enough to take me and smart enough to handle soft butch. ☎ 1332

LOST IN MILWAUKEE
Rescue me! Tall, attractive, warm, bright, Euro-Am femme professional. Outdoors/arts interests. Seeking pretty, well read, sexy, affectionate femme, 25-50, for fun, romance, relationship. No tobacco, drugs, excessive alcohol, heavy S/M. Voting for Susie Bright for President. ✍ 908

LONG TERM ROMANCE
Butch, 38, seeks femme bottom with a child for long term relationship. Must be under 5'4". I'm self conscious about my height of 5'3". Must be white, healthy, faithful, and willing to relocate to PA. ✍ 902

WANTED
Woman of means interested in sexual adventure & companionship. Are you still looking for the girl of your dreams? Do you have a hot secret fantasy but lack the right person to make it come true? Does your success & acheivement feel hollow lying alone in bed at night? For a change, write now. ✍ 913

BULLETIN BOARD

TINA JOHNSON
call Melissa. I need to hear your sexy voice once more. Please leave your phone number and area code. ☎ 1097

BE MY TEACHER
Connie—I'm willing to be your student if you are ready to give me your first lesson. ☎ 1096

CUT THE GENDER GAP
Men hold much of the power partially because they still control the purse strings. Female leather title holder seeks sponsors &/or contributors to support expanded activism. Any help appreciated and all inquiries answered. ☎ 1092

NH/NE AREA
Attractive 30 yr. old professional—smart, great humor, very normal, seeks attractive women for friendship/fun. Are you 25-35, smart, witty, professional, clean? I like large breasts, lingerie, more. No butches, please. Want to meet to talk and maybe play? ✍ 920

JONATHON MICHAEL
Janeen Marie Dempsey, where art thou? Forgiveness & open arms await. PS: I've switched. Respond today. You know where. ☎ 1093

25, BEAUTIFUL, PLAYFUL,
Interested in making movies about, for, involving lesbians or doing photo work for same. I have a great figure (37-25-35) for 5'2". Have done photo work before and performances including: Ms. Gay Washington, exotic dancing, drag shows etc. Serious?
Please call ☎ 1094 or write ✍ 912

RESPOND
to an Ad Right Now!

☎ **Sapphone**

1-900-288-8002

From your touch-tone phone.
99¢ per minute • 18 and older

1 To Choose a Category and Browse Ads from Many Lesbians

2 To Respond to a Specific Ad

NOTE: Sapphone provides voice mail service only. We cannot accept or forward mail sent to a ☎ Talk Box extension.

MAIL FORWARDING

Mail is **only** accepted for those ads accompanied by the ✍ Mailbox symbol. Write your reply and seal it in an envelope with: 1) your address at the top left corner; 2) her box number in the lower left corner, & 3) a first class stamp at the top right corner. Fold this envelope and place it in another envelope and send to:

On Our Backs Personals,
526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114

CLASSIFIEDS

Call For Materials

On Our Backs is growing and changing! Starting next Spring we'll be adding lots of new columns and feature items, and we need your help. We'd like to hear about unusual events in your town/ profiles of dynamic dykes/ investigative reporting on topics of general interest to lesbians/ information on the law, health care, the workplace, and finances. Material does not necessarily need to be sexual in nature.

We are also seeking a part-time Editorial Assistant to help with this expansion. Women of color especially encouraged to send resume, clippings, and/or materials to: OOB, 526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

ADVOCATE

NEW, EXPANDED COVERAGE BY AND FOR LESBIANS!! 8 big issues only $9.97! Discover what's new in the National Gay and Lesbian News magazine—The ADVOCATE!! P.O. Box 4371, Los Angeles 90089.

ANGLES

Vancouver-natural beauty and a unique lesbian and gay magazine: Angles. Local news, map, and calendar. Before you visit, subscribe! Only $23/yr. Or $3/copy. You're set to enjoy Vancouver every month! Angles, 1170 Bute St., Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada V6E1Z6.

BLACK LACE

The only magazine for black lesbians! Features hot short stories; raunchy fantasy letters; artwork; sexy photographs; and sensual poetry from black women nationwide. $20/yr (4 issues). Black Lace, Box 83912, LA CA 90038-0912.

COMMON LIVES/LESBIAN LIVES

Common Lives/Lesbian Lives seeks to document the experiences and thoughts of lesbians through at work, essays, fiction, and poetry. Subscription rate: $15 one year, $25 two years. Check or MO to CL/LL, Box 1553, Iowa City, IA 52244.

IF YOU'VE EVER LAUGHED AT A PENIS...

THIS BOOK IS FOR YOU!

Weenie-Toons: Women Cartoonists Mock Cocks

Outrageously funny cartoons by leading cartoonists, collected by the editor of *Women's Glib.* Send $5 to Rosalind Warren, Box 259, Bala Cynwyd, PA 19004.

3 FREE CONDOMS!

Plus Adult catalog!
Adam & Eve
PO Box 900, Dept. BA5
Carrboro, NC 27510

Psychic Mercedes Lane

Psychic Crystal Power promises to help in all problems of life.
SPECIALIZING IN REUNITING LOVERS
Guaranteed Immediate Results within Hours.
817-545-9311

Enjoy the *adults only* **serious erotic fun** and the **Second American Civil War** in comic book form with (at 25!) the **world's most accomplished person —and lesbian!—**

Diana Bree, M.D. h.c.

Send check or m.o. for
$3.95 plus $0.75
(postage & handling)
(MD res. add 5% tax) to
Tomboy Beach Studio
5905 Mentana St.
New Carrollton, MD 20784

GIRL JOCK

For a good time: read Girl Jock. I'm flat but funny. 8 1/2" x 11". I lie by your bed and there's a good time between my covers. I'm Girl Jock, the funny lesbian sporting magazine. Quarterly. $11/4 issues. PO Box 2533, Berkeley, CA 94710.

LAMBDA BOOK REPORT

Do you like to be on top? Knowledge is power! Learn about every new lesbian and gay book in each new issue of Lambda Book Report, $19.95/yr (6 issues). $3.95 sample to: LBR, 1625 Connecticut Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20009.

The Sluts & Goddesses Video Workshop or How To Be A Sex Goddess In 101 Easy Steps

All woman cast/ Explicit safe sex
Color, artistic/ 52 provacative min.
Only $43
Send to Sprinkle/Beatty, POB 435,
Prince St. Sta., New York, NY 10012.

NEW DIRECTIONS FOR WOMEN

Political and progressive, reaching more than 65,000 readers, our six issues a year cover the women's beat: politics, health, grassroots activism, racism, homophobia, sexism...and music—all from a "Blissfully biased" feminist perspective. $12/1 yr, $20/2 yrs. Sub Dept: New Directions for Women, OOB, PO Box 3000, Danville, NJ 07834-3000.

OUT IN THE MOUNTAINS

Find out what's next in the forefront of lesbian/gay rights. Subscribe to Our in the Mountains, Vermont's Newspaper for Lesbians, Gay Men, and Bisexuals. Write! OITM, PO Box 177, Burlington, VT 05402 $20/yr. (11 issues).

OUT PITTSBURG

Subscribe to OUT, Pittsburg's gay newspaper. $33/yr...1st class. $21/yr...3rd class. Check or MO to: OUT Publishing Co., Inc, 747 South Ave., Pittsburg, PA 15221.

OUTLINES

Outines Monthly: Gay/lesbian international, national and midwest news, features, interviews, viewpoints, etc. **Nightlines Weekly:** Chicago-area entertainment, events, humor, views. **OUT!:** Twice-yearly Chicago-based resource guide. $4 gets sample of all products: Lambda Publications, Dept. OOB, 3059 N. Southport, Chicago IL 60657.

QW

QW—New York's lesbian and gay weekly magazine. News features, arts, listings, AIDS updates, and more! Call 1-800-9Gay-NYC for subscriptions and other info.

SOME OF THE HOTTEST TAPES FOR WOMEN

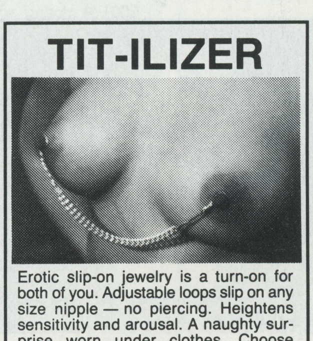
$39.95
cash, check or money order

Susy's Secrets

POBox 744
Trumbull, CT
06611

Send $1
for brochure
1-800-732-7521

TIT-ILIZER



Erotic slip-on jewelry is a turn-on for both of you. Adjustable loops slip on any size nipple — no piercing. Heightens sensitivity and arousal. A naughty surprise worn under clothes. Choose glistening gold-tone or black. $9.95. Adam & Eve, PO Box 900, Dept, BA4 Carrboro, NC 27510.

LESLIE HALPERN

- Psychotherapy for Individuals and Couples.
- Expertise in working with women in the sex industry.

LCSW # LCS 11929
Insurance accepted.
In San Francisco
call (415) 441-5470.

SUSAN O'DELL
A.C.S.W.
COUNSELING & PSYCHOTHERAPY

1422 West Thome
Chicago, IL 60660
312•262•7010

SAPPHO'S ISLE

Sappho's Isle, the contemporary lesbian newspaper. News, calendar of events, health issues, and much more. Subscribe Today! 960 Willis Ave., Albertson, NY 11507. $15 for 12 issues. Mailed discreetly.

SEATTLE GAY NEWS

Lesbian and Gay News—from Seattle! Weekly newspaper for the hot spot of the Northwest. News, fiction, entertainment, classifieds. SGN, 704 E. Pike, Seattle, WA 98722. 206-324-4297.

WOMANLINK

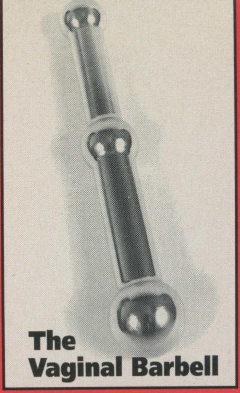
Connecting leatherwomen world-wide. For information send SASE to 2124 Kittredge, #257, Berkeley, CA 94704

LESSONS IN SUBMISSION

European-trained Grand Mistress, and/or dominant-trainee (both femme), will train you to be more polished dominant or submissive in a safe, DISCREET, professional atmosphere.
Fantasies and demos also available. Personal and legal boundaries respected. P.O. Box 620021, Atlanta, GA 30362
or call (404) 242-4551.

DISPLAY CLASSIFIEDS $32 PER COL. INCH

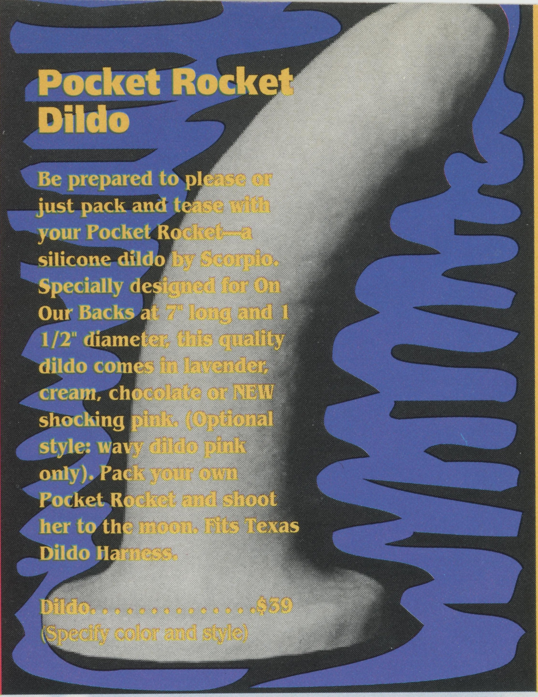
Send Camera ready (1 5/8" wide x # inches long) or send logo and text and we will typeset ($15 additional) Payment to: OOB Classifieds, 526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114.



The Vaginal Barbell

Exercise those vaginal muscles to increase your sexual pleasure and health—and have an orgasm while you're at it! Made from chrome plated solid brass, silky smooth and heavy. Go for the burn in style, as demonstrated in the "How to Female Ejaculate" video—add this 7" long object d'art to your sex toy treasure chest.

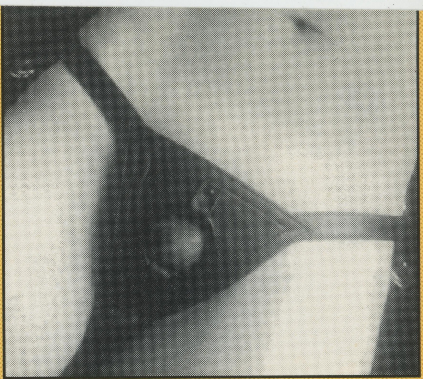
Kegelcisor. $69.95



Pocket Rocket Dildo

Be prepared to please or just pack and tease with your Pocket Rocket—a silicone dildo by Scorpio. Specially designed for On Our Backs at 7" long and 1 1/2" diameter, this quality dildo comes in lavender, cream, chocolate or NEW shocking pink. (Optional style: wavy dildo pink only). Pack your own Pocket Rocket and shoot her to the moon. Fits Texas Dildo Harness.

Dildo. $39
(Specify color and style)



Texas Dildo Harness

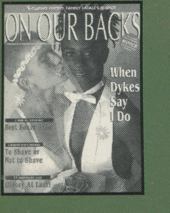
The launching pad for your Pocket Rocket, this popular dildo harness is jockstrap style, adjusts to any size and doesn't slip! Black or purple. All leather.

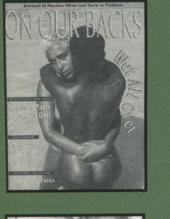
Harness. $43
(Specify Color)

Order by Phone 1.800.845.4617

celebrate sex

Or mail check or money order (include shipping: $0–$50 add $5; $51–$100 add $7; over $100 add $9. Canadian orders: add $2 additional to your order.) CA residents add 8.5% sales tax. Send to: On Our Backs Dept. MO, 526 Castro Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.





ON OUR BACKS
JITTERS

Back Issues Collector's Volume

Stock your bedside with a long-lasting supply of rare lesbian erotic material.

• The ABC's of fisting • Innovative sex toys • Gay Day Bikers • Pleasures of public sex • Leather gang bang • Tantric orgasms • Lesbians with AIDS • Bisexuals • Sexy at sixty pictorial • What butches want in bed • Dildo ettiquette • How to pierce your nipple • Guide to phone sex • Lusty pictorials, sexy fiction, entertaining and informative columns in each issue.

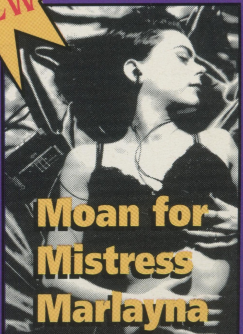
Collector's Volume. $75
(19 issues)

Safe Sex Kit

Eroticizing safe sex is fun! Latex love! It's no different from other forms of erotic dress up. The kit comes in a black bag and contains 10 condoms, 10 gloves, 10 finger cots, 10 dams and 5 lube pacs. Put the risks, denial and old-fashioned attitudes away and LOVE SEX. BE SAFE. USE THE KIT.

Safe Sex Kit. $19.95

NEW

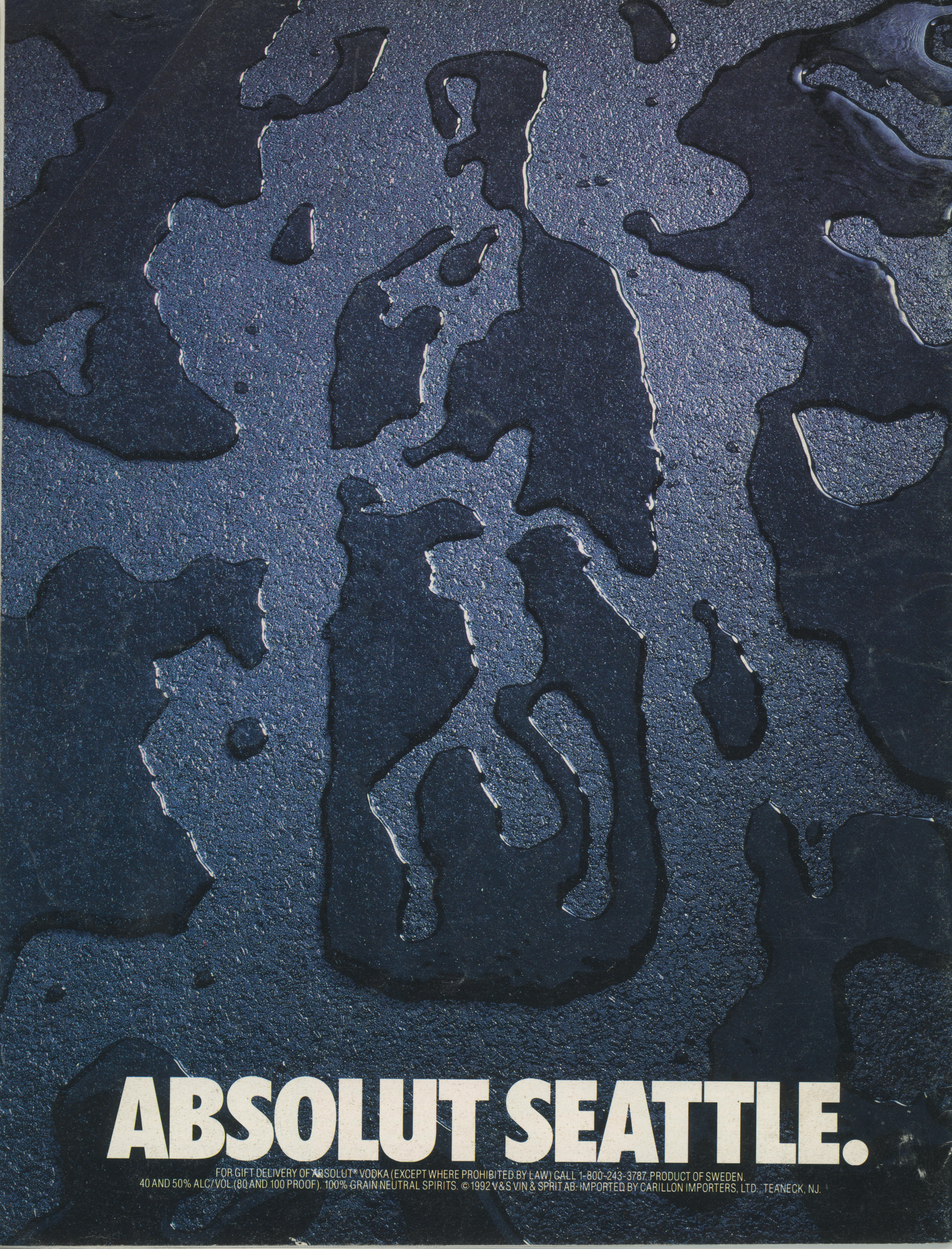


Lesbian Erotic Talk Tapes

- Come Play With Us
- Be My Good Bottom
- Black Leather Dykes
- Hot Woman For Hire
- Let Me Watch You Do It
- Be Dawn's First Woman
- Lipstick & Lace Femme
- Moan for Mistress Marlayna

Need someone to whisper in your ear? Dreading the long drive home? The women in our tapes keep you company with hot talk that goes right from your ear to your cunt. Stimulate yourself in bed, in the car, or on your morning jog.

Talk Tapes. . . . .$7.49 ea.
(Specify Titles)



FOR GIFT DELIVERY OF ABSOLUT® VODKA (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW) CALL 1-800-243-3787. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN.
40 AND 50% ALC/VOL (80 AND 100 PROOF). 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. © 1992 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., TEANECK, NJ.